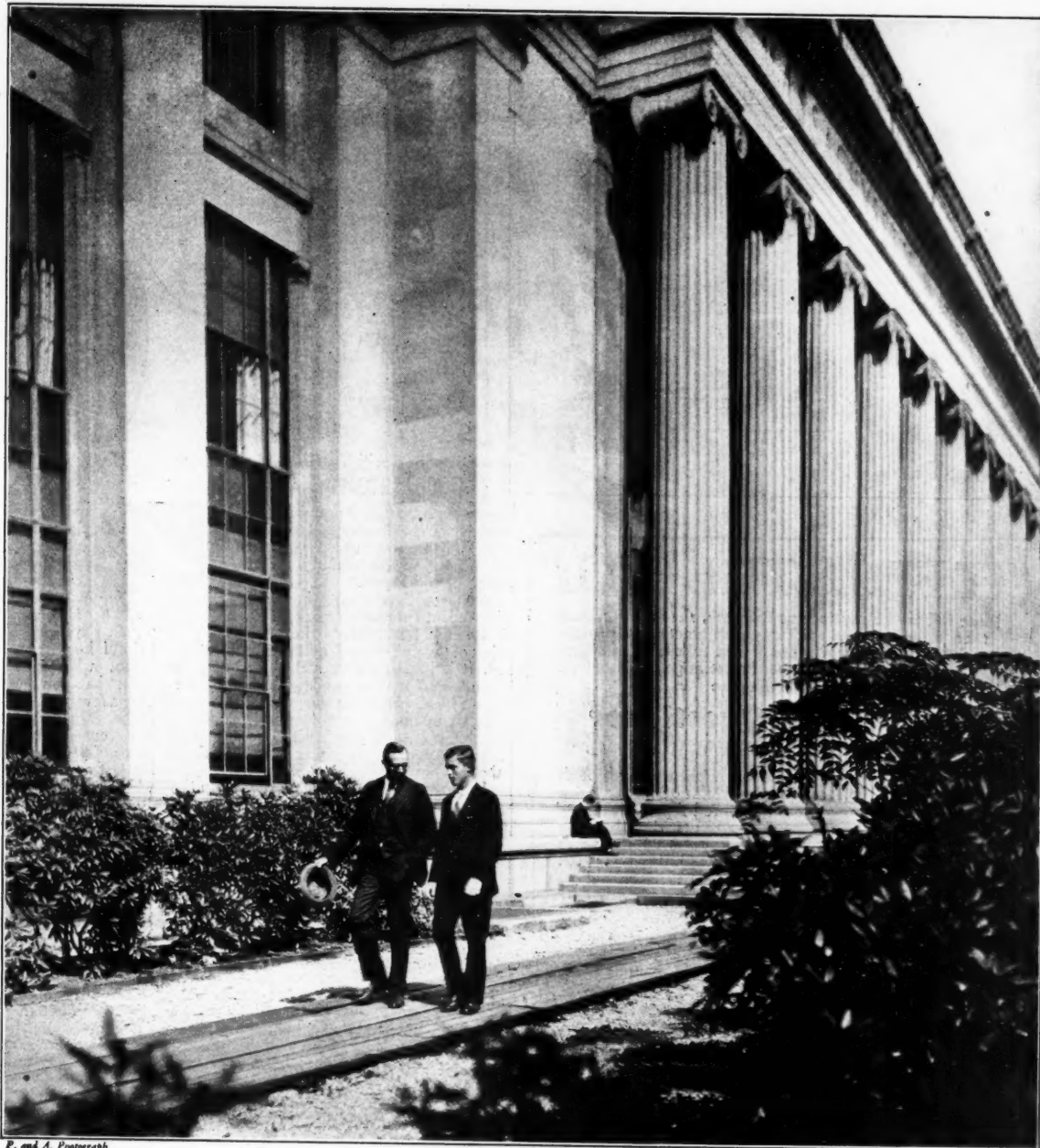


# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

OCTOBER 28



*F. and A. Photograph*

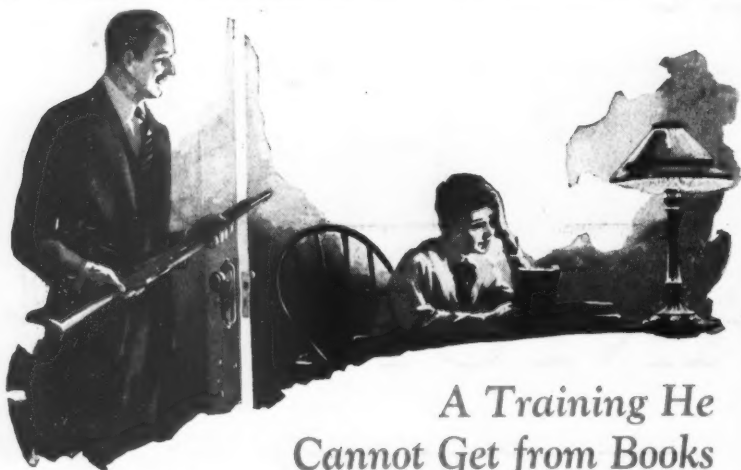
## HIS FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE

*Albert F. Bird (right), winner of the first annual scholarship awarded by the Y. C. Lab, being welcomed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, September 30, 1926, by Mr. Eric Hodgins of the Institute's staff*

In this Issue • • "The Gathering Storm," Chapter I, by Margaret Lynn •  
Stories by William MacHarg, B. B. Gilchrist, J. W. Schultz • "Walter Camp," IV,  
"The Navy as a Career," by Lieutenant Commander W. Atlee Edwards

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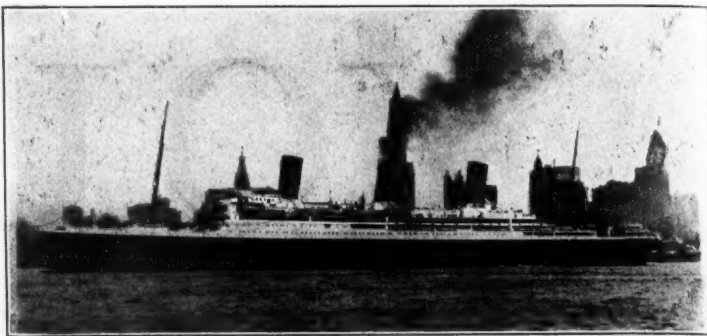
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Keynote

You will sail for Europe on this great ship. We will pay all expenses for two

## Your Road to Happiness

By MASON WILLIS

**I** WILL buy for you two round-trip tickets to Europe, and will pay all your other traveling expenses for six weeks while you and a friend (whose expenses I will also pay) are making a comfortable, inspiring tour of England, France, Italy and any other country that you want to see.

And if, by any chance, you cannot spare the time to take this trip, you may have instead a Chrysler 60 Coach, or a Baby Grand Piano, or your tuition paid for four years at any college you select, or a Fordson Tractor, or a Dodge Sedan, or your choice of a variety of other splendid gifts, ranging in value from \$75.00 to \$1200.00.

What will all this cost you?  
Not one cent.

### Everybody Will Be Happy

Furthermore, I will pay you handsomely, either in money or in valuable premiums,—whichever you like best,—for every speck of pleasant "work" you will do while you are winning one of these Grand Prizes.

You see that I put the word "work" into quotation marks. This is because I have done the same kind of "work" myself, and it is not work at all. It is fun. It enlarges the circle of your friends and makes people grateful to you. You will be spreading the good influence of The Companion into homes which now do not know it, and which will love it just as much as you do, after you have told them about it and taken their orders.

I did this work, a few years ago, when the prizes were not nearly so valuable as they are today. It brought me happiness. It made friends for me everywhere. I am not in this year's competition, of course, and I know that you can be far more successful than I ever was.

### Six Easy Ways to Win

Here are six easy "rules" that helped me, and I know they will help you:

1. I learned to do *some* work every day; even when I was busiest about other things at home, I could always manage to meet a few new people and make them interested in The Companion.

2. I learned never to become discouraged. I found that the families that lived along our road all needed The Companion; so did the tax appraiser (who had several boys and girls), the minister's family, the ambitious young farmer's son who sold us vegetables, the school teacher—everybody!

3. When people said they lacked money to subscribe (only \$2.00) I pointed out that this amounts to less than four cents a week, and that The Companion is so full of money-saving and money-making ideas that every subscriber can get his investment back many times over during the year.

4. I learned never to take "no" for an answer. Sometimes people are cross. I went back to see them, again and again, until I found them in better humor and willing to help me.

5. I learned to use my sample copy intelligently. When talking with a man or boy, I showed him the adventure and

athletic stories and such features as the Y. C. Lab, which are of special value to him. When talking with a girl or a woman, I showed her the girls' serials and short stories and features like Hazel Grey's helpful page. If she was the mother of small children, I showed her the Children's Page.

6. I tried to be clean and neat, with well-scrubbed hands; this is a detail that is particularly pleasing to ladies. Ladies, also, are always responsive to an extra degree of politeness and courtesy.

### Let Me Help You

Now, if I can help you in any way, remember that I will do so gladly. This is my department of The Youth's Companion for the next few weeks, and I want to make it so helpful to you that you will profit from my appearance in the rôle of an "author." But remember—I am always here in the office to answer a letter and give you any personal help I can if you will only write to me.

Also, I have some wonderful letters to show you. They will be printed here, and they are full of helpful hints. One is from the mother of seven, who lives in such a little wee town that you would think she could take only a few orders. And yet, even while doing all her own housework, she took orders by the score—so many of them that she won a purse of \$100.00 in gold from The Companion last spring, in addition to her premiums, which amounted to \$63.00.

Many letters from other people like this wonderful woman will be printed here, and each of them will contain some hint or suggestion that you can use.

### You Have a Real Chance

Probably the trip to Europe and the other most valuable Grand Prizes will be won by people who do not think, now, that they have any real chance at all! If you are among them, remember that persistency and hard work always outweigh mere luck.

You can win, if you *want* to win. Count on me for all the support I can give you—any time, day or night, week in and week out. Study your Premium Catalogue, which you received last week. Write to me for a duplicate, if you need it, or for sample copies, or for advice on any personal problem.

Be sure that every day sees you take one or more orders for The Companion. Collect \$2.00 for each of them, and send in the names and addresses promptly to me. I will keep a list and credit each of your orders to you, just as fast as you send them.

Watch this column from week to week, and pretty soon you will see your name in it, as one of the happy people who will be leading the race.

Your friend,

*Mason Willis.*

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

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NUMBER 43



*"And my mother and I will be pioneers in Kansas," said Janet to her father. She wanted to talk about the more exciting thing, which made her heart feel so warm and so beating*

## Chapter I

JANET listened hard for a few minutes. She did not mind a loud noise at night, but she did not like a quiet creeping-up noise. That was certainly what she heard now, though she tried hard to think that there was nothing but the wind high up in the cottonwoods and the gulping and croaking frogs at the foot of this little hillside where they had camped. She tried to roll a little farther under the wagon, but she remembered that that would be only to roll out on the other side, so she wriggled back to the place she had already warmed up a little.

Then she knew that her father and mother were awake, because they were so very still. They lay on a pallet beside the wagon, so near that when Janet waked at night she could hear them breathing, or sometimes talking very softly together. She lifted her head now to listen better, and between her and the very faint red of the fire she saw that her father had raised himself on one elbow and was listening too. Then Collie barked. Then her father was suddenly standing, his gun in his hand, and her mother was sitting up.

Then a man said "Hello!" He did not sound threatening or afraid; he just said "Hello!"

"Who's there?" said her father—snapped it out, as if he were rapping on the table.

Janet could see two strange men now. She was peering from the wheels of the wagon, but she could not see anything of them except that one was tall and one was not and each had a bundle on his shoulders and one in his hand. Robbers didn't come carrying bundles. Peddlers did that; and peddlers were quite harmless—merely very interesting. But she hugged her quilt around her and almost held her breath, there in the dark under the wagon.

"Who's there?" said her father again. Collie was sniffing at the men as if he thought them curious but not dangerous.

"Names don't tell much," said one of the men, "though we have them right enough. But we're from Ohio."

"That's better," said Janet's father.

## The Gathering Storm

*How a brave and fascinating girl dared much in the slavery-torn Kansas of old to help her parents found a home*

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

Janet thought it sounded as if he believed the man, but she knew from the way he was standing that he was still holding the gun.

Her mother was standing up too now and she said, "Why do you say from Ohio?"

The shorter man gave a little laugh and said, "Good people come from there. Didn't see any use in lyin' to home-folks. That's where we come from. Sandusky, Ohio."

"But why did you say it first of all?"

"Just for a strong recommend. I s'pose we didn't want to be shot before we got acquainted. But we read the dealer's name on the wagon-box when we saw you go through Lexington this afternoon."

"I knew your place when I was a lad," said the taller man in a slow quiet way.

Janet had now crept out beside her mother and was watching them. Her father kicked some ends of sticks into the fire, and it blazed up quickly, throwing light up into the faces of the men. The taller one pushed his hat back, and they could see him very plainly while he said, "We wanted you should let us camp beside you, if you could trust us so far, and maybe follow along behind you tomorrow as well as we could. We figured you were likely going our way."

Janet's father began to say something and then hesitated.

The other man spoke up. He said, "We got out off the river boat at Lexington today and have to ride shank's mare the rest of the way and carry our things."

Janet was now established between her father and mother and felt as if the conversation really included her. It was the middle of the night, and the dark was all around them except here where the fire made a cir-

cle with a red heart. And in the center of it all was this talk. "What were you put off for?" Janet rarely allowed so long as this to pass without a question.

"The captain was stuck-up, sissy." This was the short man. "He didn't want any truck with Ohio people. So he pretended he was on a sand-bar and got us off his boat, and while we were giving an eye to the town he threw our kits after us and pulled out and left us. He allowed we were from too far north to have the right politics."

"Wasn't that mean!" cried Janet.

"Go back to bed, Janet," said her mother. "Aleck will be waking."

JANET did not wish to go, even though she could hear well enough from where she had been lying. This was the most exciting thing that had happened yet on the trip. Every day since they left St. Louis and started west had been strange. But it had been strange in the surroundings and expectation rather than in what really happened. She had seen abundant chances for things to occur when nothing really did, nothing that could be called an event. She liked this, having unknown men come up out of the dark, in the middle of the night. But she obediently went back to her place. She put her hand over to see if Aleck was covered and then lay down again on her hard little pillow.

Her father and the men moved a little farther away, over beyond the fire, and they talked for quite a while. At last she heard her father say, "Well, neighbors, all the beds you see are yours. Make yourselves at home until morning." And then he came back and stretched himself out in his place.

Even then Janet did not sleep for a while. This was the seventh night since they had left the train in St. Louis and got into these wagons which her father had ready and driven away. Two wagons there were, both filled with household things and food and clothes and seed and tools—more things than anyone would think two wagons could hold, even with the sideboards on and the canvas covers to hold everything in. Janet's father drove the young team and went ahead, and Janet, or sometimes her mother or sometimes even little Aleck, followed along with the other. Janet already felt much older than when they started from home. When she sat up holding the lines and trying to put some independence of gait or of course into steady Jake and Moll, she felt as if she were going off on a trip of her own. When her father took one side of a mud-hole or a rut—for this was long before the day of hard roads in Missouri—she often tried to go on the other. As she passed through the strange little river villages or watched the tall, slim white houses along the road, she tried to feel, or let herself feel, that these were sights of her own choosing, or as if she were only finding novelties which she had set out to look for.

But at other times, when her mother was driving and she went to sit with her father, she forgot about having any view or plan of her own. For his plan and purpose seemed so great, and Janet once more grew warm at the thought of it and remembered how proud of him she was. She had never had so much time for talking with him in all her life before. That was partly why she was feeling so much older. He said so many things that he had never said before.

"You know your great-grandmother was a pioneer in New York State and your grand-mother was a pioneer in Ohio—"

"And my mother and I will be pioneers in Kansas," said Janet, pushing back her ample head of hair. She knew about her Scotch grandmother, for whom she was named Janet Argyle, so Scotchily. "But that isn't all of it, is it, father?" She wanted to talk about the more exciting thing, which made her heart feel so warm and so beating when it was talked of.

But he didn't always do so. Instead he might say, "I expect my big girl will have to be a good deal of a man out there." And she liked that too. It seemed to promise so much experience. When they were getting ready to leave home and everybody was talking to them one of the neighbors had said, "Too bad the boy isn't a girl and the girl a boy." Nobody said anything until her father happened to look at her, and then he said quickly, "No, sir! And no thanks. We need Janet just as she is." That pleased her. Another neighbor had said, "I honor you for going, Glasgow, but hadn't you better leave your children here for a year or two, until things settle down out there?" This time it was her mother who answered quietly, "No, they are to have all this too."

SO here she was. She couldn't have wished to be anywhere else. The nights were the rarest, in spite of the sights of the day. Every evening when she went to sleep she hoped that she would wake in the middle of the night and taste the dark—it seemed like tasting it—and see the stars in the hollowed-out sky and hear the little things that were so quiet in daytime growing loud in the still space of the night. It was a little cold on these nights in late April, with a kind of sweet cold which she liked to feel on her face. And it did seem as if, in this strange country, there might be dangerous things or people going about in the dark. She liked that feeling that somewhere there might be danger, even though she did not wish the danger actually to overtake them. She hoped that if anything did happen she herself would be conspicuously brave and perhaps be able to give the alarm, or even to offset the danger before anyone else was awake.

She sometimes spent the last minutes before she went to sleep in imagining something like this. But sleep overtook her so quickly on these nights that she never was able to complete the tale to her own satisfaction. She heard her father say to her mother one night, "It's safer than any hotel in these little towns, and I'd have to sleep with the wagons myself anyway." She had never thought of courage at home, because nothing dangerous could happen in Ohio. When you sleep one night after another though, near a country road in a place you do not know anything about, you have a chance to think of being brave.

But this was really the first adventure that had fallen. Janet lay awake quite a while, though she was sure that her father had gone to sleep. At first she could hear the men moving a little and getting blankets out of their bundles. Then they seemed to find a place to lie, and she heard one of them say out loud, "Lord, take care of us!" and the other said, "That's a full-enough prayer for me," and gave a kind of yawn. Then all in a minute she knew that they were asleep, because one of them snored. It sounded very funny along with the frogs down in the little hollow. Janet laughed a little to herself; it did not seem as if snoring went with such an exciting episode as this, or with sleeping out of doors at all. Then she went to sleep too.

THERE were the men in the morning, and somehow everybody knew now that the short man was named Orcutt and the tall one was named Gard. Mr. Gard had gone for a pail of water the first thing, to the house on the top of the hill, and Mr. Orcutt had started the fire, adding to it some brush he found along the road. While Janet did her hasty shy bit of dressing behind her wagon she could hear them all talking, and she could hardly get her strings and buttons fastened quickly enough, in order to join them, she must see the men by daylight.

When she stepped from the screen of the wagon Mr. Orcutt was showing her mother a plan he had to keep the skillet in place while the bacon was cooking, and Mr. Gard was helping her father to harness the horses, and Aleck was asking questions of one and then the other and trying to place these new acquaintances. Altogether there seemed to be twice as many people around as there had been for other breakfasts.

"Good morning, sissy," said Mr. Orcutt promptly. "I see who rides on this trip."

Janet blushed and felt indignant. She couldn't explain that it was because dressing and combing were so much harder on this morning.

But her mother said pleasantly, "Daughter sometimes is the first one up in the morning."

So Janet was able to say in a dignified way, "My name is Janet," and went to get some water to wash her face and hands. Then she hurried to unroll the piece of oilcloth which was table and tablecloth also, and dusted it off well and got out the eating things to spread on it. They would see whether she did anything or not.

Very soon everybody gathered around the table, and Mr. Glasgow stood and asked a long blessing. At home they of course had worship in the morning. They didn't have it here, but Mr. Glasgow made the blessing very long. Mr. Gard dropped his head and put his long fingers across his eyes, but Janet saw Mr. Orcutt looking all around. She didn't like it, because it seemed disrespectful to her father—as well as to the blessing. Then she remembered herself and put her own head down.

"Well, this is falling on your feet," said Mr. Orcutt when they passed coffee to him. "We never 'lotted on this, did we, Gard? And a nice little girl to pass things too!"

Mr. Gard was slower. "I hope we'll have a chance to show that we appreciate it," he said with a kind look all around.

It seemed only a minute until Mr. Orcutt was helping to pass the bread and telling everybody to eat because there was a long day coming. Mr. Gard did not take much of anything. Janet thought that he did not eat so much as he really wanted, and she took it on herself to shake the coffeepot and ask him urgently if he would not have some more.

But he said, "No thank you, sister," and smiled soberly and rather sweetly at him. She hated "sissy," but she liked "sister." He said also, "This is more luck than we ever thought for, Orcutt."

"Landed on both feet," said Orcutt again cheerfully. "Anybody mind if I'm an old maid?" And he took the last piece of bread, winking at Aleck as he did so.

But suddenly the sun was up, up from behind the hills even, and everybody hurried to break camp and be off. Mrs. Glasgow always put things away very carefully, so that they would not be tired of them on seeing them come out mussed and unkempt the next time. When everything was ready the two men walked on, at a steady traveling pace, while the Glasgows mounted their wagons again. Janet was to have the second team in the beginning, and she bustled about a little getting herself into place. She was glad that the strangers would see her driving, and she was the first to suggest that their packs should be tucked into the wagons. But she also suspected that her father and mother, sitting together, were going to talk the men over between them.

ALL day the two parties were near together, the family sometimes overtaking the men and passing them, and sometimes giving them a ride for a mile or two. Mr. Orcutt rode with Janet for a while, and he asked a good many questions. Some were just what everyone asked, about school and such mat-

ters, and of course that meant nothing but conversation. But he threw in other inquiries also.

He said, "Would you rather ride on an Underground road or an upperground road?" and turned round and gave a little wink and then looked straight at her.

Janet said, "I never saw an underground road. What would I want one for?" For that was before the days of tubes and subways.

"Oh, some people prefer 'em. Dark and light look alike on 'em, you know."

Janet was sure that she knew what he meant, but she only said, "I guess I'm dark enough for anything with all this sunburn I'm getting."

And he said, "It's the fairest skin that tans the most," as if she ought to be pleased with that, and then talked about the road.

But he asked other questions, like, "How much land's your father got out there?" and "Got any water on it?" But after she had several times said that she didn't know he turned off to make little jokes about her driving and pretended to make fun of her horses. Pretty soon her mother looked back and then got down from her seat and came and said that she would change places with him and drive for Janet and he could ride with Mr. Glasgow. But he said that it was Gard's turn to ride, and he went bobbing off ahead for a while. He had an odd up-and-down gait and looked very amusing when he walked beside the long even steps of Mr. Gard, although he did keep up very easily.

Janet told her mother about his asking questions and what she had said in answer, and Mrs. Glasgow said, "That was a wise little girl," as if she were much pleased with her. But she did not explain anything.

Of course Janet knew what the Underground meant. One did not have to be very sharp to know—if one lived in southern Ohio—that slaves made their way across the river from the south and then by some silent and unseen means were passed on and on until they reached some far-off safety. But she did not know whether they themselves were in the system or not, or even near a station. It would have been very exciting to think that they were. Her friend at school, Cynthia Mayberry, whispered to her that she thought her own father was in it, but Janet did not have anything to whisper back. She had liked to think of it though, of that going off silently and secretly in the dark, and helping trembling negroes on from one hiding-place to another. It was very brave men who did that, she was sure.

But she was sure too that they were no braver than her father, whether he helped in it or not, and no more eager to drive slavery out of the country. For after all what else was bringing them on this long journey and making them change their good Ohio home for this new unknown one? That was the "more exciting thing," which made her heart feel so warm and so beating. Her father had explained it to her on the day he sold the place. He and her mother had both looked very sober on that day, but more than sober. And in the evening as they sat by the fire he explained it all to her. She thought she understood it completely, for when grown persons talked to her as if she too were grown Janet

always listened very carefully. Away out west, beyond the Mississippi, was new territory which hoped before long to be made into states, like Ohio and Kentucky, east of the river. And Congress had passed a bill not many months before this, providing that the new states should allow slavery or not according to the wish of the people who lived in them. The anti-slavery party had opposed this bill, which was called the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, because they said it repudiated an agreement already made, that there should be no more slaves above a certain geographical line, and they thought it dishonorable and worked hard against it. But it passed anyway. Mr. Glasgow had felt much grieved over it, and so did other men who believed as he did. But now the question of slavery in this new region lay with the states that were to be formed from it. And enough men who were opposed to slavery must go there to live so that that kind of men should be in the majority when it came to voting and making laws. Many men had already gone, but more would be needed.

And that was now the reason why they were selling their home and going out to the Kansas territory to live, that her father should be there to be a citizen and vote and help make anti-slavery laws. It was all so simple in the general statement that she understood it at once. She understood too why her father and mother had worn that more than earnest look all day today.

"Father!" she had cried, grasping his arm and shaking it. "It will be wonderful!" And he had said quietly, looking down into the fire, that he thought it would.

But after that there had been little further talk about the general purpose, because there was so much to do in getting ready to come away. It was like a big dim important thing which no one talked about, although it was all the time in the background. From the way the neighbors came to say good-by anyone could see that some were proud and approving and some were doubtful, even disapproving. And some did not come at all. Sometimes after the children were in bed Janet could hear men talking and talking with her father, talking loudly and earnestly or sometimes furiously. Perhaps they were men she had never known about before. They seemed to have made some new friends through this plan of theirs, and lost some old ones. And sometimes the women who kissed her mother good-by cried a little, and the men said, "God bless you!"

The starting had all been very exciting, and Janet had been divided between the wish to halt consciously and feel the excitement and the other wish to be very helpful to her mother. That meant being too busy to lay a finger on feelings. But there was the opportunity for more grown-up duties than she had ever undertaken before. Her mother had even consulted her sometimes, almost as if they were planning together equally. Janet had enjoyed it all very greatly.

And finally had come these long traveling days, every one different from all her life before. They in themselves would have been enough—days to drive and see and camp and then to drive and see again. And in them were also the precious times when they spoke a little of their great reason for coming and wondered about the home which was to be. But

one could not say anything of that to inquisitive Mr. Orcutt, with his questions and his jokes about the Underground.

Mr. Orcutt was asking questions again as they sat near the fire that evening. Janet was leaning sleepily against her mother, but she was also following him dimly.

"I s'pose you've got papers of some kind for your land?" he said as he filled his pipe for the last time—the third last time.

Mr. Glasgow did not reply quickly. He said rather casually, "I have a friend attending to it for me. Janet, girl, it is time you were off to your bedroom."

Janet went off to bed wondering what sort of a man this Orcutt was. She did not like men who asked too many questions. Of course Mr. Orcutt might be perfectly straight and honest. But she did not like him so well as Mr. Gard.

Mr. Gard rarely asked a question.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Janet's father was suddenly standing, his gun in his hand. "Who's there?"



THE captain and right tackle of the Willard College football team rose from his seat, and, pale and slightly trembling, crossed the room to where Hollis, the coach, stood looking out at a window into the street bright with the colors of the rival colleges. His hand shook as he held out the yellow telegraph blank he had just read. Hollis took and looked at it:

*"Father seriously hurt. Come home immediately."*

The coach's face grew troubled. "When did this come?" he asked sharply.

"Just now—this minute. I must go, of course, Frank."

"Of course, if it's necessary. But we can't let you go like this, twenty hours before the game, Harley, when you're so badly needed in it, without knowing more of the matter. Give me half an hour to find out about this telegram."

He took his hat and went out, stopping at the door to the inner rooms to speak a word to the team rollicking on chairs and lounges. In the half-hour of his absence the captain found a railway timetable and studied it.

"They've changed operators," said Hollis, returning finally, more disturbed than ever. "The man that received this has gone off duty. He's around town somewhere, but we can't find him. There ought to be a record, but he may have neglected it. We've been trying to get the message repeated. Give me your home address, and we'll wire them."

"I live in the backwoods—you forget that," said the captain, walking to and fro nervously. "We're six miles from the railroad. It's a spur anyway—only one train a day. You see it's signed by my mother. She knows what day it is. She wouldn't have sent it unless it had been necessary."

"It won't take us more than three or four hours to get an answer from her."

The captain picked up the timetable and handed it to him. "Only one train a day, remember. I'd have to take a train here within an hour to make connections. I'm pretty close to my father, Frank. Mother wouldn't have sent it, if I hadn't been needed. Suppose I waited so long I couldn't get there. I'm no good anyway unless I know. You wouldn't send me into the game the way I am now, would you?"

Hollis looked into the captain's twitching face sympathetically.

"You are pretty well shaken up, aren't you?" he answered after a moment. "Well, I don't wonder. No; the way you are, you're not fit for the game. Get ready to start, Harley. If we can't learn something before train time, I'll let you go."

A silence had fallen upon the rooms where the team was quartered. Jones, the fullback, slipped his arm over Harley's shoulder.

"You'll go to the train with me, Jones?" asked Harley softly.

Jones nodded. Two or three others were packing Harley's suitcase for him. In the slanting rays of the afternoon sun they went through the noisy streets filled with collegians, and gay with colors, to the railway station. On the car platform Harley waited until the train drew out, watching the coach, who stood as a forlorn hope in the door of the telegraph office till the last minute; then, as the lights of the disappearing train grew dim, Hollis turned to the trainer.

"If we had any chance of winning tomorrow, it's gone now, Mac," he said quietly. "Harley was all that could have kept the team together." But he wasted no time upon regrets. "We'll let Condon go in. He's been coming fast the last two weeks. Harley thought he ought to have a chance in the game anyway, but he's not the tackle that Harley himself is, and he hasn't got Harley's pluck under discouragement. Harley's more likely to pull a lost game out of the fire than any man I ever knew."

They had come down that afternoon for the last game of the season, the great game against their rivals, Jethro College. They were not, to Hollis's mind, a successful team, though they had gone thus far undefeated. Only the coaches knew their real weakness. The steady determination, the snap, the eagerness, the fire in the face of adversity, which are such essential parts of football, were not in them. All season they had never "got together." The coaches had waited vainly for that indescribable something which should weld their eleven

parts into a unit, for the day when, after learning the individual play of their positions, they should learn the thing above that, when they should have found out how to subjugate themselves and, ceasing to be merely eleven individuals, should become a team; for in that day they would play as fiercely in the shadow of defeat as they played in the exhilaration of victory. The day had never come. It was a foregone conclusion that, if the game turned against them in the start, the team would go to pieces, and that it would so turn against them the coaches half expected, since they were a green team playing against veterans. Hollis had pinned much of his faith to the personality of the captain—a light-haired giant, the most popular man in college.

firmly. "Well, no use crying over spilt milk. There's no train which would get me back in time." It was not of himself but of the team that he was thinking.

His father ran his fingers through his gray hair, and the strain that was in the son showed in him also.

"It's too early yet, my boy, to think we're beaten. The flivver's being repaired, but I'll get the buggy, and we'll drive down to see Powell at the station."

The captain, glad of anything to do, helped his father harness the horses. His mother, with the lamp in her hand, stood on the porch to say good-by to them, and they drove away into the crisp moonless night as rapidly as by daylight. The station-master, who had been in bed and came

straining up the long hills with hard-drawn breathing, clattering down again with the rush of an avalanche, rumbling over culverts, spattering through gravel at a crashing gallop. Behind the flying horses the buggy swung from side to side like a thing of paper, and the spirit of it all got into the captain's veins, and he felt like shouting.

"Ten minutes past six, father. We can't do it."

"Not by the road," answered the father briefly. "But we'll reach Smith's farm in five minutes, and you can jump out there and strike straight across the fields—a quarter-hour's hard running, but downhill all the way."

The captain nodded. Pressing his father's hand, with no time for words, as the smoking foam-flecked horses came to a stand in front of Smith's lightless farmhouse, he leaped a fence and struck out at a run through the frost-whitened grass of the meadows. "Good luck, my boy!" the father's voice sounded behind him; "we'll beat them yet." He ran with his elbows pressed against his sides—rapidly, for he was in



The captain held his watch upon his knee. "If we reach Foster's corner by a quarter to six, we'll make it," said his father

AS the Ford truck, which at one o'clock in the morning left the captain at the gateway to his home, rolled away into the darkness, he turned toward the house, his heart filled with anxiety. It surprised him that he saw no lights burning. The soft odor of the frost-nipped flowers beside the walk came to him, as he pushed open the door and entered—it was the door of a hard-working country doctor, never fastened. The hall was dark and empty. Presently footsteps sounded overhead, and his mother, with a wrapper over her night-dress, appeared at the top of the stairs, a lamp in her hand.

"Is it Mr. Caldwell?" she asked. "Is the baby worse again?" Suddenly she saw him, and her face filled with amazement. "Why, Walter?"

"How is he, mother?" asked the captain, running up the stairs swiftly.

"What has brought you home? What is the matter?"

"Your telegram. How is father?"

She was perplexed. "Father is perfectly well. My telegram? I telegraphed only good wishes for the game—we hoped that you would win. Father himself sent it, and signed my name."

Good wishes for the game! He had trained and worked and hoped for it, and now suddenly in this incomprehensible way he was taken out of it. He choked.

"Oh, my poor boy!" The mother put her arm around him. She knew. For two months his letters had been filled with one thing only—the team, and what they hoped and labored for with it. No need to tell her his grief and disappointment, as, relieved of worry about his father, he stood blinking rapidly to keep the tears from starting.

In a few moments the father appeared—stocky, gray-haired, square-jawed. The lamp in the little sitting-room had been lighted, and the captain lay on the sofa, with his face buried in his arms, while he explained in short sentences what had happened:

"The telegram must have been changed with another, I think. If I'd waited, perhaps Hollis would have been able to find out about it, but I couldn't wait, you know—"

He sat up soon, with his lips closed

down in shirt and trousers, knew of nothing that could be done, though he scratched his head reflectively.

"But look here, Powell," said Doctor Harley, "there must be a train, somewhere in this country, that is within thirty miles of us."

"Yes, if you could get over to the trunk line," said the station-master finally. "There's a down freight waits on Peabody's siding for No. 42 passenger to pass it. The passenger don't stop, but the freight ought to get you to Cressville by ten o'clock, and you could catch a train there. I doubt if you can make the freight, though; it pulls out at six-thirty."

The captain looked at his watch, as he climbed back into the buggy. Twenty-three miles to go across an uneven country, and an hour and fifty minutes in which to do it! "It's not possible, I'm afraid, father," he said, quietly.

"We'll never know that until we've tried it, son."

Down the first long gravel-covered hill they went at a hopping trot, the pebbles shooting from the wheels to both sides of them. The white breath of the horses drifted back in the frosty starlight, the road stretched into the night whitely. The captain held his watch upon his knee.

"If we reach Foster's corner by a quarter to six, we'll make it," said his father, to music of the flying feet in front of them.

"Unless the horses give out," said the captain shortly.

Presently he lifted his head. "A quarter to six, father."

"And a mile yet to Foster's corner." They went up a long hill at a walk, then down again briskly.

"I'm going to let them go, Walter," said the father grimly. "They are young and can stand it."

HE loosed the reins, and the horses, not four months used to the harness, broke into a swinging canter. Step by step, feeling no hand restrain them, they quickened to a gallop. It was a thing not to be forgotten—that last mad rush through the autumn night, with the white road under them and the white stars above—

perfect training. Below him he saw the railway embankment, and the passenger, speeding past, with its string of lighted coaches. Farther down the track he heard the freight, which was already starting. Panting, he leaped the last fence, as the freight gained headway, and scrambled up the embankment—a bad place for a jump, for the train was on the track nearest him,—then grasped the handrail of the caboose as it flashed past. His feet slipped in the gravel; he swung round, with his back to the car, holding by one hand; a sharp pain came from that wrist; his hand was slipping; suddenly he knew that he was rolling down the embankment. "Clumsy!" he thought. And after a while he became conscious that his feet were in water, and drew them up from it. He put his hand to his head, and found blood running down inside his collar. His wrist and shoulder ached as he climbed dizzily up again and found his hat and sat down on the end of a tie. The freight was gone; he could hear it rumbling into the distance. Dizziness and sickness engulfed him.

SIX miles farther on and three hours later, four men on a handcar shouted to him to get out of the way. By will power he cleared the darkness from before his swimming eyes and made certain that they were men and not shadows merely. He knew that he talked with those men, for he heard his own voice speaking, and that he rode upon the handcar, holding tightly with both hands, while his head whirled madly. And thereafter for hours there came into his consciousness only isolated impressions, things which seemed to have no connection one with another, but were like mountain tops upon which the light struck, rising out of clouds of confusion—a place where a bridge was building, and a man with a red flag who stopped a train there; a railway station; another train, and a conductor asking for tickets; a sound of shouting; the fence at the football field, with the afternoon sun upon it, and a man at the gate who would not let him in because he did not know him; the trainer, to whom for some reason he was holding tightly, while he

went through interminable explanations; then the game, in which it seemed that he was playing; a losing game—a tide he could not stem.

Between halves, in their quarters under the grandstand, whose empty places reverberated to the shuffling of thousands of feet overhead, Hollis was talking to the team seriously. The game was not yet lost, he told them; Jethro had scored only six points against them. His face was tense with emotion, for he had seen but too plainly the symptoms of disorganization and felt the atmosphere of discouragement. The trainer came from an inner door, which he closed carefully behind him, and, laying his hand on Hollis's arm, spoke.

"How did he get here?" asked Hollis in surprise.

"They sent word toward the end of the half that he was trying to get in at the gate. He collapsed when I met him. He's had a bad rap on the head, though no permanent injury. He told me what had happened to him and has been delirious ever since."

Hollis listened to what the trainer had to tell, went to the door, and looked in, then glanced back at the team. He knew perfectly those clean-hearted, high-strung, generous boys, and he wondered suddenly whether he had not in this the thing to conjure with.

"Come in here," he said to them.

THEY crowded to the doorway. In the inner room two benches had been put side by side, and the captain, covered with a blanket, was lying on them. A rubber was busy over him. His white face was thrown back, and he twitched his hands, and was talking: "Play hard! Don't let them get through there again—get under them, under them! . . . We'll never make it,

father; and, besides, the freight. . . . We can stop that if we try. Look out in center!"

"He thinks he's in the game," said Hollis. And nodding to them: "That's all. Go out again."

They went out, casting at one another questioning glances. They did not understand, but were troubled to see the captain lying there. Hollis drew the door shut behind him and, standing with his back against it, commenced to repeat what the trainer had told him—the drive across the country, the tumble from the freight, the long struggle to get back in time for the game. As he went on, that thing which always in the spectacle of unflinching determination and indomitable pluck against odds, wherever displayed, stirs men deeply took hold upon them. They drew short breaths, looking one at another, as they listened. He paused, seeing that he had moved them, and asked simply:

"Now, when he comes to himself are you going to give him the news of a lost game?"

They were not, if they could help it—their faces showed it. Time was up, and they filed out into the open air, with set eyes, saying nothing.

The red Jethro stand was counting in unison to twenty points, to show what it wanted. It was palpitating with joy and anticipation. It had seen plainly at the end of the first half that the blue team was beaten.

The cheers stopped, and in silence the blue tackle, who made the kick-off, set the ball to his liking. He settled his head-gear and glanced to right and left to see that his men were ready. What was it he saw? Something was in them that had not been there before; they were straining to be across the line, their faces fixed, their bodies quivering. The ball sailed high and true to the five-yard line, where a red halfback caught it. He dodged

one man and another, and was downed on the fifteen yard line. The red line tried the plays by which it had gained in the first half, but did not make its distance.

They kicked.

The ball sailed over the middle of the field, and the blue quarter caught it. Two young giants, charging like bulls, struck him together, and he was carried back three yards, and the ball went rolling. The Jethro center, as fast a man as any on the team despite his weight, fell on it. It was Jethro's ball on the Willard forty-yard line, and the red stand was crazy.

Hollis on the sideline bit his fingers, shaking his head at the trainer.

The Jethro quarter tried the play-off tackle by which they had made their touchdown. Condon, the sophomore, "easy" in the first half, head lowered, arms spread wide, teeth set, plunged under the interference. It tottered and went down, gaining nothing. The Willard stand was cheering.

The Jethro fullback kicked again, and it was Willard's ball on its own eight-yard line, just in front of goal. The Willard quarter looked back at the goal posts. Should he kick it out of danger? In the first half he would have done so. Something in the men about him gave him confidence, and he decided against it. A pause, a hush of expectancy, and the play went through between guard and tackle for four yards. The blue stand had gone frantic. They made two yards off tackle, three through the center. Hollis unclenched his hands. His face was shining.

"It's a team at last, Mac," he said to the trainer, in hoarse delight. "They're playing now. It was Harley that did it."

TRULY, they were playing. One spirit was in all of them. They were no more eleven parts, they were one thing; they

started and stopped as a unit. A roar of sound engulfed them, but they did not hear it. They heard only the quarter, shouting out his signals. Now and then, believing his voice would not be heard, he stopped and, lifting his hand toward the stand, waited. The Jethro team was fighting desperately, but the Jethro stand had become silent. At every third down the distance had to be measured. The Willard stand was pandemonium. The ball was on the one-yard line. It went over, and the pandemonium redoubled.

The players, coming out of the tension of effort as though they had lifted their heads from water, smiled at one another unevenly but with satisfaction. They became aware of the shouting thousands.

All smiles, Hollis followed the play along the sideline. After the kick-off they lost the ball, regained it. One, two, three yards to a play, they worked their way into the Jethro territory again.

"Plucky playing," said the linesman to Hollis, stooping beside him.

"Ye-e-s. It's not so much pluck out there on the field that is making these touchdowns. It's the pluck that struggled along a railroad track after a freight that had tumbled it into the ditch."

The ball for a second time went over, with wild clamor. The whistle blew. The stands were emptying themselves on to the trodden field, and Hollis stood looking up at the shifting thousands with an odd expression.

"What's the matter?" asked the trainer.

"I was wondering whether by any chance the man who changed that telegram did it deliberately, Mac, hoping to see us lose. And I was thinking how little chance fraud has, anyway. Perhaps he is in that crowd looking down on us. He'll never guess how large a share he had in winning us this game."

## Brotherly Love

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

ALISON had no illusions. Tom had chosen wisely in being born a boy. It never occurred to her to think otherwise. It never occurred to Tom. Boys were wonderful creatures, swift, free, widely ranging, dictatorial, and important. You looked up to them and they "bossed" you. The universe was made that way.

Alison never thought of rebelling. In the main she enjoyed life in a pale, quiet, half-scared little way, and she adored Tom—even when he was at his bossiest, even when he banned the pink gown, even when he discouraged Tina's party. He wouldn't have pronounced against the pink gown if he hadn't cared what she wore, would he? Some brothers didn't care. Alison had never ceased wondering at the phenomenon. But she had wanted the pink gown—how she had wanted it! And Tom had favored the blue.

He had said, "Chuck that pink thing back to 'em, Alie. The blue's the one to keep. Blue's your color."

Which was precisely why she wanted to try the pink, because it wasn't her color, because it was out of her orbit,—she never had worn pink,—because it was something new.

Tom didn't favor new things—for his sister.

Alison, tying up the pink gown with a tear on her eyelashes, favored what Tom favored. It had been a mistake to think of the pink gown, but she wished it hadn't been a mistake. That was her attitude. Tom was always so right.

He had, of course, been right about Tina Gray's house party. He had discouraged it only because he understood her. She could see now that the party wouldn't have done at all. Just at first she had thought otherwise. Her heart had leaped at the notion of being like other girls who went and came, girls in books, girls out of books—Tina Gray, for instance. It had been adorable of Tina to ask her. Her head had whirled with visions of gowns and packed suitcases and irresponsibility and gayety, glorious bright-hued visions. She loved it at Beechwood, but she



Joyce went on with her reading, without jumping up and carrying the book to him, as Tom must have expected

would love it more for getting away from it, and, most of all, from her shy, drab little self. Everything had seemed possible in those first delirious hours after the invitation.

And then Tom had pulled her down to earth. Tom had said, "Going?" There was nothing in the word, everything in the tone.

Alison faltered. "I—I think so. Why shouldn't I?"

"Go ahead, if you want to. Those girls aren't your sort exactly."

They weren't her sort. That had been the most surprising and wonderful part of it, that they should want her when they weren't her sort. In some mysterious way it had seemed to indicate that she must be their sort, after all. Their sort was utterly jolly and gay and delightful.

"They're so nice, Tom."

"Sure thing. Think you'll have a good time?"

"Why, of course." How absurd of Tom.

"Don't you think I'll have a good time?"

"Hope so," said Tom, "if you're going. Can't think of anything dumber than a house party you don't have a good time at."

TOM didn't think she would have a good time. Alison laughed, but a cold little doubt chilled her first fine enthusiasm. Of course she would have a good time. But she began to picture herself at the party. Somehow she couldn't make herself fit in when she tried to think out the details.

The next day she spoke to Tom about it. "Do you think, Tom, I'd better not go to Tina Gray's house party?"

"Suit yourself," said Tom. "You're the one that's got to go through with it."

"You don't sound very encouraging."

"You ought to know by this time whether you have a good time with those girls or not."

"I had a horrid time at Belle Dyson's dance."

"There!"

"That's because," Alison painstakingly explained, "you were the only boy I danced with."

"Try it out," said Tom. "If you don't like it, you'll know the next time."

Alison could have cried. Tom had made it perfectly plain. "I think I'll not go."

"Oh, come now, go ahead, if you want to."

"I've stopped wanting to," said Alison.

She swallowed a lump in her throat. It was good of Tom, she told herself. He

was thinking of her happiness, protecting her. He knew her, and she knew the girls. Absurd that she had ever thought she could fit in with Tina Gray and her crowd. Alison was grateful to Tom.

And then Alison and Tom heard that Cousin Joyce was coming for a visit.

"A girl?" Tom asked when Uncle Burton



told them. "Goodness, I wish it was a boy."

Which, oddly enough, was the first time it occurred to Alison that even Tom might not always get his own way in large matters. The thought that Tom wanted a boy dampened Alison's own joy at the hitherto unknown cousin's being a girl.

"I'm sorry, Tom," she said when Uncle Burton had left them.

"Oh, well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, of course. But it would have been fun having a boy to hike around with."

At once Alison saw how jolly it would have been.

"Hasn't Joyce any brothers?" she ventured. "If she had a brother now—"

"Only child. Didn't you hear Uncle Burton say that? Where were your ears, Alie? I'll bet she hates being left behind while her father and mother trot off to Europe."

"But Uncle Burton said they weren't going where they could very well take a girl."

"Sure. So she comes here. I must say Uncle Burton's a brick."

"Oh, he is," breathed Alison.

Didn't Uncle Burton always have room for people who had nowhere else to go? He had had room for them years ago when father and mother died. Now he had room for Joyce—for a winter. Alison wondered what she would be like. A cousin. And an only child. One heard of such people as rather domineering. Alison sighed. It might complicate life. Uncle Burton's rules were strict. Only Tom ever broke over them. Tom and Uncle Burton had arguments about them sometimes, but not even Uncle Burton could get Tom down to breakfast on time. Girls, of course, had to be down to breakfast. No matter how sleepy you were, you got up in time.

"Hope she's good-lookin'," said Tom, opening his book. "Where's the atlas, Alie? Go get it, will you, that's a good girl."

Without question Alison crossed the room for the atlas. Tom always had to have half a dozen reference books spread out round him while he read even a story. It was Alison's privilege to assemble them at need, just as she picked up his room for him. She always had fetched and carried for Tom. She would have told you she liked it.

NOW as she brought the atlas the point of Joyce's appearance loomed important on the horizon. If she weren't good-looking, Alison could see it was going to make things wrong all round. Just how, she would have found it hard to explain; for some reason Tom wanted her pretty. Ergo, she must be pretty.

And she was pretty—extraordinarily pretty. Alison's heart leaped when she saw Joyce. Leaving Tom quite out of consideration, it was a joy to look at anything so delightful. Joyce had brown hair that crinkled entrancingly and brown eyes that danced and a blithe spirit that danced too. Now and then an imp looked out of the brown eyes, but a bewitching imp. Alison loved it on sight.

Joyce was a revelation. The things she took for granted! They amazed Alison, frightened her a little too.

"Joyce! Joyce! Breakfast in half an hour."

"Um-m-m-m. All right."

Was Joyce getting up? No sounds indicative of rising in the next room.

"Joyce!"

No answer.

"Joyce!"

It would never do to let the guest be late her first morning. What an impression!

"JOYCE!"

"Um-m-m-m. What's the matter?"

"Breakfast in fifteen minutes."

Yawns. "Lots of time."

Joyce didn't realize. But perhaps she was a swift dresser. In an agony of uncertainty Alison hesitated. She was fastening her belt when she tried again. "I'm going down now."

"Yes."

"Are you coming soon?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet you're not even up."

No answer.

Alison pushed Joyce's door ajar. A brown eye opened sleepily above a mound of bedding.

"All dressed. Aren't you energetic!"

"It's breakfast time." Alison was in distress. "There's the gong now."

"Breakfast time? Go 'way. It's the middle of the night." The brown head snuggled deeper into the pillows.

Ting-a-ling-dong-ding.

"Can I help you?"

Two arms lifted above the brown head.

"You might set back the clock."

"But, Joyce!"

Both brown eyes were open now. The pretty chin settled itself above the sheet.

"Do you always get down to breakfast on time?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Goodness, you're wonderful. How do you do it?"

Alison stammered, at a loss. It hadn't occurred to her as possible to do otherwise.

"I—I just do, that's all."

"Then run along now," said Joyce, "or you'll be late. And tell 'em I'm coming."

Two feet swung out of bed. A hand reached for bathrobe and slippers. As Alison descended the stairs she heard the sound of water streaming from an open tap into a tub.

Preoccupation held Alison through the morning meal. Her heart was with Joyce. She was picturing her present hurry, her future embarrassment when she should arrive

"You can have the car, Tom," put in Uncle Burton.

Her brother turned on her.

"Want to go, Alison?"

"Yes," said Alison.

"I'll call up Rich."

Shortly Rich Closson appeared, and the four rolled away into the golden heart of October. Alison rode in a maze of bewildered happiness. She thought she must be dreaming, but successive pinchings couldn't break the dream. All the morning she had it and couldn't wake out of it; she was butternutting with three other people, and all four of them had a perfectly beautiful time.

AFTER that Alison's chronic state for a while was bewilderment. Joyce was nothing if not unexpected. She was a girl, most delightfully and at times convincingly



And people liked you; if they didn't, they gave a very good imitation of liking you

late. Tom swung into his seat and grinned at sight of the guest's empty chair. Uncle Burton fidgeted. Alison palpitated with a fearful sympathy.

With a patter of swift feet Joyce joined them. "Good morning, uncle. Good morning, everybody. Reprehensible to be late. Horrible habit. Isn't it a great morning?"

Blithely Joyce attacked her cereal. Alison stared amazed. Joyce wasn't putting anything on. Joyce wasn't whistling to keep her courage up. Joyce was perfectly natural. It didn't appear to her a matter worthy of the heavens falling that she should be late to breakfast.

Alison turned her eyes on Uncle Burton. He was smiling at Joyce, actually smiling.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Sleep!" said Joyce. "I was forty fathoms deep when Alison called me. I thought I'd never pull up."

Uncle Burton laughed. He was accepting Joyce's lateness at her own valuation. Alison blinked. She could see Tom's eye twinkle. He turned to the guest with new attention. The ball of talk bounded lightly back and forth across the table. Alison listened entranced. Now and then she timidly put in a word. It surprised her to find how many ideas she had, how easy it was to speak them. Her small pale face glowed with interest.

Tom didn't hurry off as usual right after breakfast. He was going butternutting, but suddenly it occurred to him not to go alone.

"Ever been?" he asked Joyce.

"No—never."

"Come on then."

"Oh, we'd love to. Wouldn't we, Alison?"

Alison gasped. She wondered whether she had heard right. She looked hard at Joyce.

"If you have things to do first," said Joyce, "I'll help you."

Alison could see that Joyce actually thought Tom had invited them both.

"I haven't anything special," she gasped.

"Do we walk?" Joyce asked the question of Tom.

a girl; at other times utterly unconvincing. Even Tina Gray laid herself out to be nice to Tom. Joyce was no nicer to Tom than she was to Alison—no nicer, if you came to that, than she was to Uncle Burton. Joyce was nice to everybody. And she wasn't afraid of them, not of anybody. And it never occurred to her to take orders from Tom. It never seemed to enter her head they were meant for her.

When Tom said, "Is that M down there where you're sitting, Joyce—encyclopedia, you know?" Joyce answered from her place on the floor by the bookcase, "M? Here you are," and took the volume out and laid it on the floor and went on with her reading, without jumping up and carrying the book to him, as of course Tom must have expected. When Tom got up and went for the book himself, Alison's sun stood still in her heavens. It gave her a most unsettled feeling to see Joyce sit there absorbed on the floor while Tom stepped back to his table. Perhaps it unsettled Tom.

It was all quite bewildering. Joyce might have been a boy herself, Alison thought. But what a boy! Living with her was indeed a revelation. Alison wondered at Joyce's courage; marveled at her beauty and grace; loved her contagious friendliness. Joyce was herself, unique, inimitable. Yet the mere sight of her seemed to open a door in Alison's tight, shy little soul; it taught her what girls could be.

And it taught her more. Month after month Alison was exposed to the germ of initiative and self-confidence. Side by side with Joyce she moved through a new world, a world of invigorating and delightful possibilities, a world where "I can" displaced "I can't." There were other girls than Joyce in that world, Tina Gray and her friends; there were boys, Tom and his friends. It was astonishingly easy to get on with them. You simply let yourself go and did the things they did. You found you could do them, too. And people liked you; if they didn't, they

gave a very good imitation of liking you. But you didn't have much time to think whether they liked you or not; somehow or other you took that for granted. And oh, how happy you were! You seemed never before to have been really happy, because always before you had been worried lest somehow you shouldn't do things right.

It was amazing to what an extent a few months changed Alison. A stranger visiting Beechwood would hardly have recognized her for the girl of half a year ago. All this bright warm happiness was becoming; Alison bloomed in it. She hadn't thought of herself as repressed; she had accepted the conditions of her life as the natural order of the universe. Now she had discovered her mistake.

In the course of months Joyce's parents returned from Europe and Joyce went home.

"I shall miss you terribly," said Alison. Only she knew how much.

"You must come and visit me."

"Oh, I will, but that isn't the same as living together."

"And we'll write."

Joyce chattered as she packed. Joyce was going home, thought Alison. The parting couldn't mean to Joyce what it meant to her. It was going to hurt her terribly. Nevertheless she was glad Joyce had come. Even if she never saw her again, all her life she was going to be glad she had known Joyce for six months.

"I'll never forget this winter," said Alison.

Joyce hugged her. Joyce's arms were warm and convincing.

THE house looked very empty when they came back to it after seeing Joyce off at the station. And Alison felt as empty as the house, lonely and bereft and a little bit terrified at her own fearful sensation of dullness. Was that going to begin all over again?

"Well, where's my knife?" said Tom.

"Can't you find it?"

"I wouldn't be asking for it if I could, would I?"

"I haven't seen it. Perhaps you left it on the table when you trimmed off the cord on that package Joyce sent by express."

Alison's mind wasn't on her words. She was choking back a desire to cry. Now that Joyce was really gone she wanted to sob her heart out. Soberly she hung up her hat and coat in the closet under the stairs.

"See if I left it upstairs, Alie."

Instinctively Alison turned toward the staircase. How easy it was to slip back into old habits! Then the telephone buzzed and Tom answered it.

"Alison?—Sure. That you, Tina? What do you want of my sister?—Oh, she's here.—Yes, we'll miss her. Bet you will, too. House is empty as a barn. For you, Alie." He held his hand over the transmitter. "Some kind of party on. Tina wants you. Sure,"—he hesitated,—"sure you'll have a good time without Joyce?"

Alison took the receiver from his hand. Tom meant well, dear old Tom. "That you, Tina? This is Alison.—What's that? You're going out to camp, a whole bunch?—I see.—Yes." Her thoughts were racing. She saw the cage ready to close on her again. *Would* she have a good time—without Joyce? It seemed to her that all her future happiness hung on the moment's decision. It had been easy to have a good time in Joyce's company. Without her—for one rebel minute Alison's heart quailed. Then she straightened her shoulders.

It was an important moment. In this crisis she felt that her whole happiness for the coming year might be at stake. She felt her good resolutions tottering about her.

It would be so much easier to tell Tina that she had "another engagement." But she would not.

"It's dear of you to ask me, Tina. Of course I'll come. I'd love to."

She put the receiver back on its hook and walked into the living-room. Her heart was pounding, but her purpose held steady. "I'm going to believe I'll have a good time," she told herself. "Why shouldn't I?"

An instant later her voice floated back to Tom in the hall. Clear and pleasant and confident it sounded. No one would have guessed the effort that made it so.

"I've found your knife, Tom."

"Good. Bring it here, will you?"

Deliberately Alison sat down and picked up a book. She was thinking hard about Joyce. She held her voice warm and pleasant.

"I'm reading. It's right here on the table."

In a moment Tom followed her.

THE advantages of the Navy as a career are suggested conspicuously in the foreground at the very beginning, for upon being admitted to the Naval Academy the successful candidate is at once appointed a midshipman and receives a salary of \$780 a year during his four years at the school. Not great wealth, to be sure, but how many youngsters of sixteen are making \$780 a year and getting a highly technical education thrown in? Not many.

As a matter of fact the average boy of sixteen is an item of considerable expense, to say nothing of worry, to his family. At school or at college, as the case may be, he is making or breaking his life with only the indifferent supervision that a school or a college can exercise over the molding of his character—and his family is paying the bill. At the Naval Academy the boy's character is molded in a set pattern constructed on the highest ideals of honor, patriotism and moral stamina—and he is being paid for it.

This is by no means a reflection on our magnificent schools and colleges, of which we have the best in the world, but rather an appreciation of the iron discipline and the rigid supervision under which midshipmen are molded into men. It's hard, yes, but it's the greatest character-builder in the world.

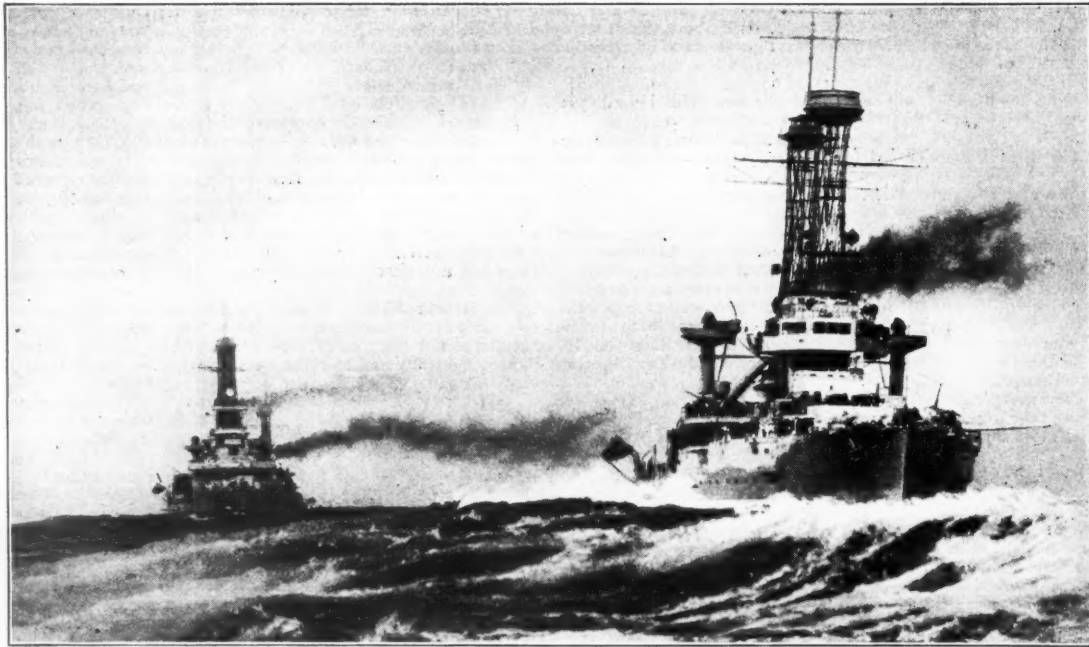
### The Life of an Officer

Having successfully completed the four-year course at the Naval Academy, which any clean-minded, healthy, average American boy can do if he will apply himself, the midshipman is graduated and is immediately commissioned an ensign. From then on his promotion is assured in a manner commensurate with his ability and his integrity. Naturally some officers are advanced more rapidly than others, depending upon their fitness, but there is always room at the top for the man who means to get there. It's entirely up to the individual. He is classified as being "average," "above average" or "superior" according to his merits, and his promotion is based on his classification. Influence, whether political, social, religious or what not, is an entirely unknown factor.

After thirty years of service an officer has the privilege of applying for retirement with three quarters of the active pay of his grade, or if he continues on the active list he is retired by law at the age of sixty-four with three quarters of the active pay of his grade. If he has reached the rank of rear admiral, this amounts to almost \$6000 a year, or the income on a fortune of about \$100,000. The point is that, although we are never rich, we have a reasonably comfortable old age to look forward to—which is a lot more than can be said of every profession.

The life of a naval officer, whilst not a money-making occupation, is an intensely interesting one, varied as it is by duties of a widely different nature. He has a big field to choose from—battleships, destroyers, submarines, cruisers and aviation. Frequently he goes from one to another. In fact the well-rounded naval officer should have a pretty thorough knowledge of all the branches of the service which make up the Fleet. I began my career, for example, with a tour of duty in a battleship; then to a cruiser, after which I went to a destroyer. From there I went to aviation (shore duty), then back again to a destroyer during the early part of the war. Later, during the war, I went into aviation again.

After the war I served for two years as aide to Admiral Sims when he was president of the War College at Newport. After that I went to sea in command of a destroyer. Two years of shore duty in Washington followed that, after which I went back to sea again in an armored cruiser, in which I am now serving as the gunnery officer. This is an average, cross-sectional bird's-eye view of the duties we perform.



P. and A. Photos

Two mighty policemen of the sea, officered by keen, healthy, highly-trained men of Commander Edwards's stamp: the battleships Florida and Utah

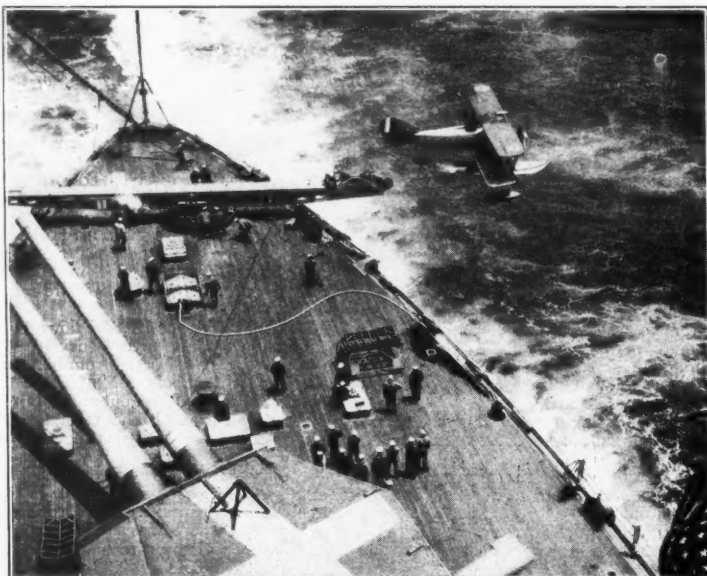
## The Navy as a Career

By LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WALTER ATLEE EDWARDS

Variety, they say, is the spice of life, and we in the Navy certainly get plenty of it. Drinking afternoon tea one day with the Queen of Holland, learning about high life in court circles from her, and spending that night on the bridge of a destroyer plowing through heavy seas, and whiling away the time talking to the quartermaster of the watch, and learning about life on the Bar-

bary Coast from him! It's different from anything else that I know of, and it's great stuff.

Again, there are the thrills, the excitement and the adventure of the life. I was in a destroyer that ran alongside of a blazing ship at sea one day and, between explosions, took off five hundred survivors. It was great sport compared with sitting at a desk in some



COMMENTING upon this photograph of a seaplane being launched from the deck of the battleship West Virginia, Chief Electrician's Mate W. J. Cullen of Malden, Mass., who recently returned from a five-years' cruise round the world on a destroyer, says: "When looking at pictures of life in the Navy, some folks think that the Navy's only good for war. Well, I guess my last five years in the Navy speaks for itself.

"My ship sailed out of Newport, R. I., in 1920 and did not arrive back in New York until 1925. In that time I saw enough foreign countries to last me a lifetime. We fed and clothed refugees in the Smyrna fire in September, 1922. That winter we went up through Constantinople into Russia during the famine and worked with the Near East Relief in towns like Batum and Odessa, where things were bad.

"While in China in 1924 I was detailed to duty in a gun crew on a steamship, to patrol the Yangtze River and keep down the bandits that snipe at ships from the banks. Most of the time we were there to protect the Christian missionaries—and we did!

"From China we went to Japan, arriving just in time for the big earthquake in Yokohama in 1924. We did everything we could for them.

"I guess my cruise was no more interesting than most Navy cruises. Don't forget, either, that a Navy man gets lots of high seas and 'dusty' weather, and, believe me, a destroyer is no fun when it's rough. But I like the Navy enough to have 'shipped over' (re-enlisted) twice, since I joined up in '17. It's a great life!"

stuffy office, counting some other fellow's money. Money is a nice thing to have, I suppose, but personally I wouldn't take a lot for the feeling of satisfaction we had after taking those poor devils off that ship.

Of the disadvantages, the greatest are the long separations from one's family and the fact that by the very nature of the life we lead we can never establish a home, be it ever so humble. I was away from my family two years on one cruise and nine months on another! Absence may make the heart grow fonder, but in my case, at least, the absent treatment was unnecessary, and I could have gotten along very nicely indeed without it. It's all a part of the game, however, and as for having a home there simply "ain't no such animal" in the naval

officer's vocabulary. His home is where his hat happens to be temporarily suspended. Three years at sea and two years ashore is the rule, and as the shore duty may be anywhere from New York to Manila a home is not possible.

The life of the Navy is a very exacting one. It demands constant study and diligent application to keep abreast of the times, for the technique of war is a rapidly changing one, and disaster lies in wait for the nation which fails to keep up with it—which fails to be prepared. We naval officers have been educated at considerable expense to the government to be specialists in the art or the devilry or the misery or whatever you may choose to call it—of war. We spend our lives studying war from every angle and in preparing ourselves to meet it. We are not militarists by a long shot; we know entirely too much about war to want to fight for the mere sake of fighting, but we do know our business—we know what we're talking about when we tell you that our Navy must be maintained the equal of any other navy in the world or in strict accordance with the 5-5-3 ratio as reached by international agreement. At the present time this ratio is not being maintained.

### Would I Do It Again?

"Whose fault is this?" you ask.

It is your fault. It is the fault of the tax-paying citizens of this country, who own the Navy, lock, stock and barrel. We simply operate what you give us, and when we say that it's not enough—well, we generally don't get much thanks for the advice.

The Navy, your Navy, is in reality a great international police force whose beat extends over the face of the globe and whose duty it is to safeguard and, if necessary, to protect your interests. You make the money and we hold the sack. Obviously it is to your interests to see to it that we are strong enough to hold it. I am not an alarmist, nor am I looking for any trouble—I had quite enough of that during the war to last me a lifetime,—but it seems to me that this country is colossally rich and that some other countries are woefully poor! Is our defensive strength in proportion to our vast wealth? Most emphatically it is not.

I'm no calamity howler, and when I hear people going about with long faces telling each other how the Navy has gone to the dogs I am minded of a conversation which I once overheard between two bluejackets: "Well, Pat," said Mike, "you can take it from me, the Navy ain't what it used to be!"

"No," said Pat, "and it never was." I find that, in my enthusiasm for the subject which I have wandered into, I have been set a bit off my course—a consideration of the relative advantages and disadvantages of the Navy as a career. In my opinion the advantages so far outweigh the disadvantages that there is no room for argument. All I can say is that, if I had it to do over again, I would do exactly as I have done and would be doubly thankful for the opportunity.



## Chapter VI

## ON TRIAL

ONCE before, at the time the Tewas had captured me, I had seen men fighting, killing one another, and the sight had sickened me. Now I, myself, was in such a fight, and again I felt sick and terribly excited too. We began firing at the enemies when they were about fifty steps from us, and some of them fell. The rest kept coming and shooting at us, those who had bow and arrows; those with guns had had no time to reload them. I saw that I could not reload mine before they would be upon us, could use it only as a club. Just then my brother gave a cry of pain, dropped his bow and arrows, and I saw that his left arm was broken.

"Run! Run back!" I shouted at him as I dropped my rifle, snatched up his weapons and tore his quiver from his back. I no longer felt sick. I was suddenly terribly angry at those Utes, eager to make them pay for what they had done to my brother. I shot an arrow fair into the breast of one, and he pitched down into the grass. Others were falling, and some who were wounded were limping and staggering back to the timber. And still the rest came on, led and encouraged by their chief, a very tall slender man, carrying a large eagle-plumed shield at his breast and brandishing a Spanish lance. Several arrows were embedded in the shield. I aimed an arrow above it, let it fly with all the strength of my arms, and it went deep into him at the base of his neck. He dropped lance and shield and with both hands seized the shaft and attempted to pull it out. He sank to his knees, wavered upon them and went limply over upon his side. Ogowasa and Nacitima shouted mightily when he went down, calling upon us to run forward to meet the enemy bravely.

When their leader fell the Utes lost courage. As we advanced they turned and ran back into the timber. They were good runners; we could not overtake them.

At last our war chief called back to us to halt. As we sank down beside the trail to rest I looked round; there right behind me was my brother, my rifle in his good hand, blood dripping from the other! "Nacitima! Come! See him!" I cried. "Though wounded, his arm broken, still he followed with my Spanish weapon!"

All up and down the line our people were talking excitedly about the fight. Said one, "If that enemy chief, he with the lance, had not been shot, some of us here would now be lying back there in that park."

"Yes! If he had lived, we might all of us have ended our trail right there, for they were many more than we and brave enough until he fell."

Potosha and another were going up and down the line, looking us over, naming the absent ones, inquiring about them, and soon Potosha said, "Tetya! Not here! He is the fifth who is not with us."

"Dead! Shot when the enemy first fired at us. I saw him fall," one replied.

"Ha! Missing, the one I should have first asked for, our summer cacique!" cried Potosha. Our hearts went low, but leaped again as suddenly when some one replied, "He survives! I saw him gasping for breath and, unable to run farther, turn aside to sit upon a log."

And then: "Ogota! Not here! He is the sixth one not with us."

None replied. We looked at one another. Finally one said, "I don't remember seeing him after we entered the park and were fired upon."

"Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," said others.

One more missing man was named, making seven of our number, and then we back-trailed, but no faster than my brother could

travel. We soon met our cacique coming on as fast as his thin old legs could carry him, and were glad when we saw that he was unhurt.

AS we neared the place of the fight we found two dead Utes close to the trail. We went out into the park and to the bodies there, carefully examining them, one after another. Eleven were Utes, five Tewas. Ogota was missing. "Wounded, he might have turned back into the timber to conceal himself," said some one hopefully.

We gathered round the dead Ute chief, and Ogowasa drew from him the arrow that

None of those we had left there were in sight, and, alarmed about them, fearful that they had been attacked by another party of the enemy, we hurried down the trail and along the foot of the cliff to the first of the cave houses. We felt great relief when we saw those we sought pouring out from one of them, the men in the lead. But they were six, and we had left five to guard the women; and then we saw that the sixth one was Ogota. Before we met the women were anxiously looking us over; they surrounded us, some laughing as they clasped the ones they sought, others shrilly asking for those who were missing and then sadly weeping when they learned



*I recognized him, my mother's younger brother, White Hawk, and, raising high my rifle, I shouted to him*

had laid him low. It went from hand to hand until my brother took it, stared at it and suddenly cried: "It is mine! My arrow—"

"What? Your arrow? You shot the chief?" Ogowasa and others cried, amazed.

"It is my arrow, but he there, my brother, shot it. He killed the man."

"Is it as he says? My son, did you shoot that arrow?" Nacitima shouted to me.

"Yes. When my brother's arm was broken I took his bow and arrows and used them; here upon my back is his bow and the remaining arrows," I replied.

All of the men turned and stared at me, and then at the old cacique approaching me with the lance and the shield of the Ute chief.

"These are yours," he said, handing them to me. "Keep them, always keep them as proof of this great thing that you have done for us this day. But for you we might now all be lying dead here in this park." And at that all there present shouted my name, called me a brave warrior. I was so overcome by their praise that I could not speak; my eyes became so misty that I could barely see to take the lance and shield.

THERE remained to be examined but one more Ute body. Nacitima was first to it, leaning over and staring at the arrow in the breast. Then, suddenly straightening up and turning to us, he shouted: "Come! See this, another one of my son's killing!"

They gathered round; he drew out the arrow, and it went from hand to hand and round to me. All stared at me as if I were a stranger, and Kutowa said, "He is only a youth, but in this, his first encounter with the enemy, he has killed more of them than any one of us!"

"My son, how did you do it!" cried Nacitima.

The old cacique made reply for me. Raising a hand to the sky, he said, "With their help, he killed them."

It was long after midday when we looked down into the valley of the ancient ruins.

stand for a time, blind until my eyes became used to the darkness of the small, strange-odored room. I perceived the old woman staring up at me from her couch. "You succeeded; I knew that you would; I never make a mistake in the selection of my eagle catchers. Hand me the skin," she said.

I gave it to her without a word and turned to go, eager to get back into the light of the kind sun; but, pointing to a place opposite her, she ordered me to be seated, and I obeyed. Little did I think what I was to see and what was to be done for me there in that dusky room.

Stroking the great eagle skin, smoothing its feathers, Poanyu said to me, "Our summer cacique was in here this morning; we had talk about you."

I made no reply, but could only wonder what had been their talk. She went on, "You seized the eagle; though it tore your face, you forced it down to the floor of my trap and killed it. Then you fought the Utes and killed two of them, their chief and another; you are very brave—"

"No, not brave. I was afraid, terribly afraid of the enemy. I hardly knew what I was doing; I fought them because there was nothing to do but fight," I interrupted her.

As if she had not heard me, Poanyu continued, "Therefore I am going to help you." At that she plucked the down feathers from the eagle skin and made two little heaps of them, removed the beautiful tail feathers, tied them all together, laid them to one side and handed me one of the down heaps, saying: "Those you will use for your own prayer-sticks. The tail feathers you will attach to your war bonnet; when I finish they will be of great help to you—a powerful protection in times of danger."

SHE arose, went to the entrance to the inner room and removed the screen that filled it. As the sticks scraped the adobe wall I heard within there the muffled but loud rattling of her snake and heard her say to the creature, "No, no, my sacred one. Be not angry; it is I, just I, your poor Poanyu."

And then she came out with it in her arms, its head raised high beside her face, the tail part of its body drooping down to the very edge of her gown. A heavy weight it was for her shrunken, slight old body. Down upon her couch she sat with it and placed it upon the floor before her. It raised its rattle tail and started to glide toward me. I turned cold all over and was about to spring up and run from the room when she seized and drew it back, fondled it, saying: "No, no, most sacred one, messenger to our kin in the beautiful Underworld, rest here." And as if it understood it coiled in front of her, its head held high, eyes blackly shining, tongue darting lightning-like. In the center of its great coil rose stiffly its long, tapering and now silent rattles.

About it in the four world directions Poanyu then sprinkled sacred meal, singing a song that I recognized at once as the one that I had heard the members of the Patuabu singing in the kiva. As then it had affected me, so did it now, giving me desire to do great things, deeds of service to the Tewa people.

Ending the wonderful song, Poanyu took up the bunch of eagle tail feathers and stroked the snake's head with them; and it never once flinched, but appeared to like it. And as she did that she made a long prayer in which she asked the snake, messenger that it was to the dwellers in the pleasant Underworld, to tell them to favor me, to make my eagle feathers my protector in times of danger. And, having done that, she handed them to me and said that I might go, cautioning me to tell no one other than Nacitima or other members of the Patuabu that she had done this for me. This was, she said, a kiva ceremony that ordinarily I

should not have had performed for me for a long time to come, but the summer cacique had agreed with her that, as some reward for what I had done for her and all the people of Poquoge, it was right that she should do it for me at once.

"Poanyu, you are very good to me," I said as with my down feathers in one hand and the tail feathers in the other I arose and started to the doorway.

She made no reply other than a wave of the hand and began another song of the Patuabu, the snake still coiled and motionless there before her. I hurried across the plaza and up our ladder and upon the roof met Choromana. I raised my hands before her, and she cried:

"Prayer feathers and war feathers! Where did you get them?"

"Feathers of the eagle that I caught; Poanyu gave them to me," I replied and wanted so much to tell her all that I had seen in the sacred woman's home, all that she had done for me, that I was like to burst keeping it to myself. I did say that I was going to put the tail feathers in my war bonnet, and she offered to sew them in place. We went in to Kelemana, who said that she must sew on half of them. They did the work between them, singing happily. To me that was a wonderful day.

Later when alone with Nacitima I told him what Poanyu had done for me, and he earnestly cautioned me to keep it secret, saying that I had enough enemies and would have more jealous of me if it were known.

Winter was now not far off; so with our horses Nacitima and my brother and I began cutting and packing in wood for the cold days that were to come. We went with others who were doing like work, always a large number of us with weapons ever ready, for we believed that a great party of Utes might soon appear, to try to avenge the death of their chief. We had not brought in more than half the winter wood that we needed when one day at sunset two runners from Santa Clara came into the south plaza, inquiring loudly for our war chief, Ogowasa. They brought news that the Navahos, Comanches, Utes and Apaches had gathered together and agreed to drive out the Spaniards and kill off all us corn-growing people.

ONE ROCK and I were very low of heart, for this meant that we should have to fight the Navahos, our own blood people.

In Poquoge and in all the other pueblos along the Rio Grande the people were now terribly depressed, fearful of what might come upon them at any time. Day after day passed, and the enemy did not come, but winter did, and the prayers of the shamen for deep snow upon the mountains were heard by Those Above. It fell up there so steadily, became so deep, that we knew the Navahos could not possibly cross the range. It drove the deer and elk and turkeys down into the river valley, where we killed numbers of them. And, heedless of the cold, we brought in plenty of wood for winter use and for the following summer too.

During those winter months the people partly recovered their cheerfulness. Then came spring, and the old dread of the enemy was again upon them.

Here in Poquoge the fields had barely been made ready for seeding when we learned that workers in the fields of Santa Clara pueblo had been attacked by a large party of Navahos and many of them killed. A few days later Spanish settlers above us were raided by the same party, and whole families of them were killed and their stock driven off, the surviving families fleeing to the Tewa pueblos for protection.

Before we finished planting our field Nacitima, my brother and I had been three times named watchers for a day. We were sitting a little apart from the others, my brother and I, and I said to him in our mother's language: "I can't bear it, this constant killing of the kind and peaceful Tewas by those of our blood. Brother, we must find some way to put an end to it."

"As well try to stop the flow of that river down there!" he shortly replied.

And then we heard Ogota behind us say to others, "Hear them, those two, talking their Navaho language—probably making some plot against us."

I do not know what I might have said or done to him had not Nacitima just then sprang up, shouting: "See! Our south watching party! They have discovered the enemy!"

We were at once all of us upon our feet, staring at them running down the steep bluffs

trail, several of them waving their blankets. The field workers were already running toward the pueblos as fast as they could go, and the east watchers were in sight, running in from their hill, some of them waving their blankets, the signal of discovery. So it was that we knew the enemy were coming from the southeast, coming down the valley of Poquoge Creek, invisible from our stand upon the point of Black Mesa.

"Our women, children—we may be too late to save them! Quick now, my brave Tewas, follow me!" Ogowasa shouted and took the lead down the steep trail.

At last was come the time that I had long foreseen with sickening dread: down there in the fields of Poquoge I was to meet my Navaho people, some of them most likely my own close relatives, uncles and

desert warriors—a song that I had once loved, had myself sung with boyish pride, but that now was dreadful in my ears.

By this time the mounted herders and the east-side watchers on foot had the bands pretty well together and coming in, but no faster than the watching party could run, as they had no ropes with which to catch and ride some of the animals. When they saw the Navahos ride up out of the creek valley and speed straight toward them they strove harder than ever to drive the horses toward us at faster gait, and we ran harder than ever to try to join them before the enemy could attack. But from the very start it was plain enough that we should be too late, and while we had still a stretch of several hundred steps to run the singing, yelling, shooting, blanket-waving enemy were upon them, trying with all their desert cunning to

shouting, "Chief! I demand something of you!" And then, turning and pointing to my brother and me, he went on, "I demand that you let us kill those two here now! They are traitors! They never once fired at the enemy! He, that Wampin, we saw what he did; he shouted to his dog Navaho people to fight us hard! He waved to them with his rifle, urging them to come in and fight harder! I saw him do that! A number of us saw him do it!"

"That is a lie! My son never did that!" cried Nacitima.

"You, Ogota, what were you doing during the fight? I saw you hiding back there behind a clump of greasewood!" said Potosha.

"Because I could not fight; with my first arrow my bow-string broke, as you can see," he replied, holding up the bow so that all could see its dangling strings.

"Could we have watched you, we would have seen you cut it!"

"I did not cut it. It just broke! Ogowasa, chief, those two are traitors; let us kill them!"

Turning then to me, Ogowasa asked, "Wampin, what did you?"

We had now been joined by nearly all the people of the pueblo. I replied, "Chief, it is true that we did not shoot at those raiders, our own blood people. I tried to shoot at them, but could not do it. Instead I shouted and shouted to them just this, 'Relatives! Friends! Do not steal these horses! Cease fighting these good Tewas and go home!' One of them I recognized, White Hawk, our mother's brother, our uncle. I waved my rifle to attract his eyes to me, started to run to him and beg him to go and leave us in peace, but he never saw me—or if he did he never recognized me—"

"There! You all heard that! Dog Navahos, let us kill them!" "Traitors whom we have sheltered, let us kill them!" cried some of the men and women in the crowd, more than one that I had believed our friends.

"Not until you have killed me!" "And me!" "And me!" Nacitima, Kutowa and Potosha shouted while Kelemana and Choromana and other women ran to surround and protect us.

"Be silent, all of you," ordered the old summer cacique, who until now had not spoken. "Well you know that only we members of the Patuabu can decide what shall be done about this, a matter of life or death to these two members of Poquoge. That we shall do in the south kiva five days from now. So let there be among you no more argument about it."

None dared dispute the cacique's decision. The crowd of people scattered. Some had not stopped to listen to Ogota's terrible charge against us; they had gone on in search of their missing ones and found them, two boys and three men dead and a boy and one man wounded.

The next night when Nacitima, my brother and I returned from the fields Choromana entered and said, "Wampin, my man-to-be, Ogota and his friends have today been to members of the Patuabu, mostly the delight-makers, with a new charge against you. They now claim that it was because of your evil power that in the fight yesterday the Tewas were unable to kill or even wound a single one of the Navaho raiders."

"Nacitima, some of them believe or pretend to believe that!" Kelemana sobbed. "I am sure that when the Patuabu meet, four days from now, only four days, there will be more of them against than for our sons. What are we to do about it? How save them?"

"Nacitima, I will tell you how!" cried Choromana, kneeling beside me and putting a firm hand upon my shoulder. "They must go, leave here before the Patuabu meet, go to their desert people or elsewhere—perhaps never to return to Poquoge. And, Nacitima, I will go with them! I will break my vow to my old relative, take now Wampin for my man and follow him wherever he may lead."

"No! No!" Nacitima replied in thunder voice as he shoved his food bowls aside, sprang up and paced the floor. "They shall not leave here, nor shall you break your sacred vow! Am I not a Patuabu?"

"But some of them, the winter cacique himself, are of Ogota's clan—the Fire clan," said Kelemana.

Then I wanted to tell Choromana what I thought of her, of her bravery in offering to break her vow, leave those dear to her and her good home to go with me, but I could not do it; there. And then her mother came for her. As she passed me I clasped her hand. My friend, hands can often say what the tongue cannot utter.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



At midday I took the eagle skin to Poanyu's door, and she bade me enter

cousins. As I followed Nacitima, next in line to Ogowasa, I was as it were torn raw by my warring thoughts. Could I fight my own blood people? No! Could I turn upon the kind Tewas—Kelemana, Nacitima, Choromana, they and others who loved me and whom I loved? No! What was I to do? I did not know. "Holders of the Paths of our Lives! Show me now what path to follow!" I pleaded.

I got no answer. I became more and more confused. For a time I knew only that I was keeping well up with Nacitima, that my brother was close upon my left, that we were down off the mesa and crossing the outer fields of Poquoge. Then I saw that we were not going straight toward the pueblo, but to the east of it, as were also the south party of watchers coming in from their stand upon the bluffs. Ever since the opening of spring and the beginning of the Navaho raids along the river we had kept our bands of horses inside the pueblo during the night and sent them out in the morning to graze in the care of two or three men and a number of boys appointed by the clan chiefs to do that work. On this morning the herders had driven the bands out east of the pueblo and were now having great difficulty in rounding them up, though the east party of watchers had hurried down to their aid.

Now as we and the south party of watchers ran to help round up the horses and drive them to the pueblo, the Navahos appeared in the open, more than a hundred of them, riding swiftly out from Poquoge Creek toward the herds; and again, after seven winters, I heard the shrill song of the

kill them and at the same time stamped the big herd before we could arrive and counter-attack.

As they came within fair range I raised my rifle and aimed at one of the riders, but could not press the trigger; glancing at my brother, who was close at my side, I saw that he held his bow and several arrows in limp hands. Then with rifle still at my shoulder I shouted in my mother's tongue: "Relatives! Friends! Do not steal these horses! Cease fighting these good Tewas and go home!"

Again and again I shouted, so excited that I did not realize that in all the shooting and yelling about me I could not possibly be heard. As one of three riders driving some of the stragglers of the band before them turned in his saddle to fly an arrow at us I recognized him, my dead mother's younger brother, White Hawk, and, raising high my rifle and waving it to attract his attention, I shouted to him, called him by name, started to run toward him. But, never once looking at me, he fired his arrow and went on. At my side my brother was crying, "Our uncle! Our uncle, White Hawk! If only we could have spoken with him!"

By that time the Navahos had ceased trying to round up the stragglers and were driving the big herd off up the valley. All shooting ceased, and sadly enough the Tewas watched them go. Poquoge pueblo was afoot; firewood for the coming winter would have to be packed in upon men's backs. Ogowasa called out to us to scatter and find our dead and wounded. But before we could obey Ogota ran up to Ogowasa,



THE forward pass in football is only twenty-one years old. It is one of the few essential features of the game that Walter Camp did not invent. In fact, when the idea was brought forward by Dr. Harry Williams, of Minnesota, and Commander Paul J. Dashiell, of Annapolis, Walter Camp opposed it at the meetings of the Football Rules Committee.

But when the pass was adopted, Camp studied it thoroughly and was the first coach to make successful use of it. The play was regarded as a sort of forlorn hope; even the Yale players, when Walter Camp showed them his idea of its possibilities, were entirely unconvinced of its merits. He worked out a play which they called the "twenty-three" formation, from a bit of slang in vogue at the time.

The Yale-Harvard game of 1906 was hard fought. At last, with the score tied at 0-0, Yale advanced near Harvard's goal and was checked. Veeder of Yale went back as if to try a drop kick. This was Camp's original idea; he had seen that the great thing is to consume time between the passing of the ball from center and the start of the forward pass. Veeder received a long and slow pass; then he ran sideways, eluding the Harvard forwards, and drawing the Harvard half backs toward him. All this took time. Then Veeder stopped, and threw a long pass accurately into the hands of his right end, Alcott, who was standing alone and unobserved a few steps from Harvard's goal line.

By such plays, Walter Camp proved his football genius until, in 1910, he retired from all official connection with Yale athletics. He delighted in the strategical opportunities in football. "The great lesson of the game," he wrote, "may be put into a single line: it teaches that brains can always win over muscle."

Camp's departure from connection with Yale football worked such havoc that it is only fair to him to say that it was not entirely voluntary on his part. He was fifty-one, at the time, and he had abundantly earned a rest. But I think he would have continued, if smaller men had not made it clear that they thought they could get along without him. When such conditions become unbearable, a wise man resigns and allows later events to speak for him. Harvard had beaten Yale only four times up to 1910; in 1911 a scoreless tie was played; in 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915, Harvard beat Yale by scores steadily increasing to 44-0. Princeton also upset Yale's old supremacy; and such other opponents as West Point, Brown, Washington and Jefferson, Colgate and Boston College also went home with trophy footballs. In modern days, these results would not be so surprising. But in those days, a defeat of Yale was almost unthinkable. Never has a college which had feasted on victory for thirty years found itself plunged so abruptly into the abyss of defeat.

#### A Moral Loss

The loss of Walter Camp to Yale football was not only an athletic but a moral loss. People do not always realize that a game calling for so much self-control and courage is best taught by a man who puts moral values uppermost. Any football team coached by a sportsman has a tremendous advantage over a team coached by a mucker. As the shining example of chivalry in sport, Camp left a place that was singularly hard to fill. There have been many other men in sport as knightly in spirit as he was; but no other coach has both held such high ideals of sportsmanship and has preached them to his players, and to all other boys everywhere, for the whole of a long life.

I am glad to quote from a letter written by one of Camp's foremost pupils, George B. Chadwick, Yale captain in 1902. In those

days, thanks to a play of Camp's invention which no opposing coach could fathom, Chadwick had a way of suddenly bursting through the line, and scoring a touchdown after a run in the open field. This became known as "the Chadwick Run," and it won many games for Yale. "I have searched my memory," Mr. Chadwick now writes, "and I can find nothing in all my contact with Camp that in any way shattered the high ideals of youth. He sanely fostered the idealism of

young men. He was out to win—which is a good thing to foster, too. But he was never out to win by any evasion of the rules or the spirit of fair play. In that part of my life, Walter Camp was a real and good influence over me, and so must he have been to many other Yale men. The fact that I rarely think about football now doesn't make his influence of less present value."

Some men have said that, after Camp's retirement as chief adviser of Yale football, he must have felt a certain grim satisfaction in seeing how badly Yale football got along without him. This is false. He suffered as much in spirit as any other loyal Yale man. Certain would-be comforters tried to suggest to him that victory and defeat come in cycles. He could not agree. He knew that victory comes because you prepare for it and deserve it—and so does defeat. Under intelligent leadership, it is possible to win games consistently for a period of thirty years. If that is a mere swing of the pendulum, it is a long swing.

#### The All-America Teams

It was never necessary for Walter Camp to prove his intense loyalty to Yale. But in the years of athletic famine through which Yale passed after 1910 he had abundant opportunity to prove his sportsmanship. He was editor of Spalding's Official Football Guide. He reviewed each season, never making reference to the obvious fact that Yale teams were poorly coached after he stopped coaching them. On the contrary, he paid tribute to the improved coaching at Harvard, under Percy D. Haughton, and he rejoiced in the order which W. W. Roper brought into Princeton's football methods after the war. A man of the petty type would have grasped at the opportunity to sneer at his successors which Camp had at this time. But he continued to serve as usefully as ever on the Football Rules Committee; he traveled over the whole country to see the important games each autumn; and he collected an enormous amount of data for use in football rule-making, and in selecting his famous All-America Teams. Camp was aided in picking these teams by all the outstanding coaches in the country. These men saw all the college players. They took their duties very seriously. "In twenty-four years of football at Michigan," said Fielding H. Yost, "I recommended only eleven Michigan players for the All-America Team. I recommended only men of the type of Heston, Schulz, Benbrook, Craig and others who were outstand-

## Walter Camp

By HARFORD POWEL, JR.

### Chapter IV. THE LAST TOURNAMENT



ON THE SIDELINES

The Last Photograph of Walter Camp

ing stars, men of unusual ability and character."

From the enormous mass of notes that came to Camp, he selected each season a squad of perhaps one hundred men. Then, from week to week, he cut this squad down on paper just as he would have cut it down on the field. He thought nothing of traveling hundreds of miles to see a single player in action. At the end of the season, he had his All-America Team. The men who were chosen have a right to be proud of

the honor. Only 385 men, out of all the thousands who have played football well, were selected between 1889 and 1924 for Walter Camp's All-America Teams.

Meanwhile, as the years went on, Camp's sound judgment and great persistency were making him successful in business. By 1902 he had become treasurer and general manager of the New Haven Clock Company, and a year later he was elected president of this concern, which he had entered as a clerk in 1882. Mr. Edwin P. Root, his close friend, had a similarly long career with this company; and eventually he became president, while Camp was promoted to the chairmanship of the board of directors. This business career was not a spectacular part of Camp's life, but it was a happy one, and it brought him a snug fortune. Only a few months before his sudden death last year, he said to his wife: "Whatever happens to me, Alice, you will be comfortable. We have saved two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." Then, with a burst of his instinctive generosity, he added: "You did it, Alice!" When his estate was appraised the sum proved to be larger than he had said. There was no nagging about money matters in the Camp household; Mrs. Camp had never known, nor had she sought to know, how much her husband was making at any time. They belonged to the kind of old-fashioned New England families who know how to control their expenses, even while their income is increasing.

Walter Camp's father had been moderately wealthy, but had lost all his money toward the end of his life. Camp was therefore obliged to make his own way, and he had more respect for money than if he had inherited it. He pursued the old and unbeatable plan of spending a little less than he earned, and of investing the surplus wisely under advice of responsible bankers.

#### The Daily Dozen

And now we come to what I, and most of the other men who knew Walter Camp intimately, regard as his greatest contribution to the future of our nation. Even more than Theodore Roosevelt, Walter Camp waked us all up to the value of physical health. Like Roosevelt, he had developed a thin and feeble body into a splendid physique. He had exercised all his life; he had slept with the windows open; he had played body-building games, like tennis and golf—and he had done all these things during the years when they were unfashionable. Among his wide circle of friends, he had exerted great influ-



Another of the health-giving exercises of Walter Camp

ence in this good direction; for instance, he had persuaded his brilliant friend, Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, that when a busy indoor man has an hour free for lunch, it is better to spend that hour in healthful outdoor exercise than in stuffing himself at a luncheon table. Camp and Phelps accordingly went together on long tramps over the golf course during their "lunch hours" for many years, afterwards satisfying hunger with a bowl of

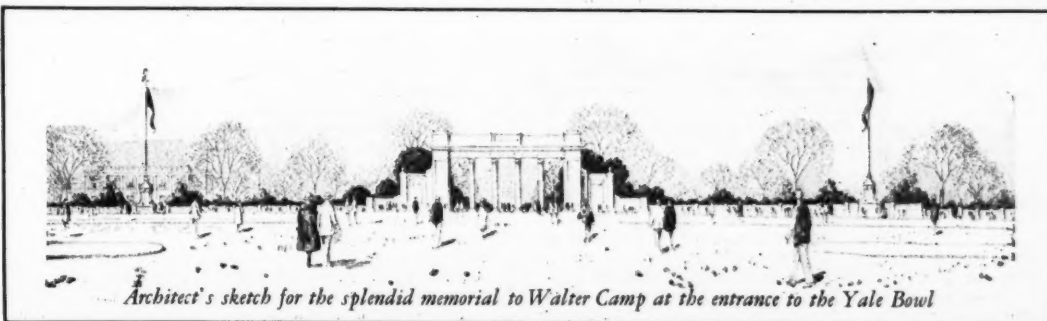
bread and milk or other light refreshment. But Walter Camp's real opportunity to teach health to the whole nation came with the World War. He threw himself with enthusiasm into every chance to help the boys who enlisted. He was too old, himself, for active service; but he was soon made chairman of the athletic department, United States Navy Commission on Training Camp Activities. An officer wrote to him, complaining about the system of heavy setting-up drill prescribed for recruits, and asking if he could supply something better. Camp's answer was his Daily Dozen system of exercises, now so famous. The words "Daily Dozen" are often mistakenly applied to other forms of calisthenics. They really apply only to twelve simple, light but tremendously effective movements invented by Walter Camp.

The Daily Dozen proved its value instantly. Instead of exhausting the young men who were taught to do it at the camps, it refreshed them, and made them much less likely to catch the contagious diseases, including the dangerous influenza, which had been sweeping the camps. Walter Camp was horrified to find that the average American boy of that time, who came up for physical examination at the recruiting stations, was very likely to be in bad physical condition.

Instead of being a nation of deep-chested, clear-eyed and physically strong young men, the United States in 1917-18 contained 2,753,922 men between 21 and 31 who were drafted, almost half of whom had to be rejected for flat feet and for other mechanical defects, for defective sight and hearing, for tuberculosis, for heart trouble, for being undersize and underweight, and for other troubles that can usually be corrected if you take them in time. "This," said Walter Camp, "is the most serious indictment of America that has ever been published; it should be a source of abiding shame to us that we had 1,320,934 young men not strong and healthy enough to serve their country in time of need. Such results might have been expected, had we been examining elderly men. But these were young men, who should have been the flower of our young manhood. What kind of ignorance must have existed in their homes? What kind of attention have we been giving them at our schools? In the hour of need we found that nearly half of our young men had been too badly fed and too badly shod, or were too badly crippled by preventable disease, to be able to lead the healthy outdoor life of a soldier in camp."

But it was not Walter Camp's style to complain. He was the kind of man who is constructive, not critical. He invented his Daily Dozen to make boys strong and capable. He found it just as useful to girls and to older people, supplying the gentle, regular exercise which our muscles often lack in indoor life.

He found that the Daily Dozen is far better for the internal muscles than any physic can be, and that it relieves insomnia and other nervous or physical troubles. As soon as the Daily Dozen had made its great success in the training camps, Walter Camp was called to Washington on a mission of the greatest importance. High government officials in Great Britain and France were breaking down physically



Architect's sketch for the splendid memorial to Walter Camp at the entrance to the Yale Bowl

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 804)



## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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### FACT AND COMMENT

WE are oftener deceived by our own hearts than by the artifices or the rascalities of others.

PEPPERMINT OIL sells for ten dollars a pound, we are informed. Do you suppose the whales know how lucky they are in not being peppermint plants?

QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA is not the first of European sovereigns to visit the United States, as a recent editorial in The Companion intimated. King Albert of Belgium and his wife, Queen Elizabeth, were the nation's guests just seven years ago, and were cordially received, as many of our readers will remember.

THE ARTICLE by Commander Atlee Edwards on "The Navy as a Career," which appears in this issue of The Youth's Companion, is the first of a series of articles which will treat of the opportunities for a useful and happy life offered by various professions and occupations. To mention only a few of those which are to follow, there will be an article on the ministry by the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, one on farming by Louis J. Taber, master of the National Grange, and one on teaching by William J. Hutchins, president of Berea College.

THE NORTHERN NUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION has offered a prize of \$50 for a black walnut tree that gives better nuts than any now being cultivated. Not the size of the nut, but the quality, is important. The kernel must be plump, light colored and of excellent flavor, and it must come from the shell in quarters or halves. Have any of our readers a black-walnut tree that they think good enough to win that prize? If so, send at least two dozen selected nuts, with a letter describing the age, size and location of the tree and some information about the amount of its annual crop to Dr. Wm. C. Deming at Hartford, Connecticut, before the first of next February.

### THE ELECTIONS

ON next Tuesday the people go to the polls to elect one third of the membership of the United States Senate, an entire new House of Representatives, and governors, state officials and legislatures in nearly all the states. In politics this is called an "off year," because no President is to be chosen; but in every other respect the election is of the first importance. On its result will depend the possibility of carrying through the measures and policies that the national administration desires to advocate. From it will emerge successful politicians who will become at once potential candidates for the Presidential nomination two years from now; other public men will read in the figures the disappointment of their high ambitions.

It is measurably safe already to predict that the Coolidge administration will not control the next Senate. It does not safely command a majority in the present one, and in Iowa and Wisconsin friendly Senators are certain to be replaced by men who cannot be counted on. Moreover, several states that returned Republicans in the great landslide of 1920 are pretty sure to send Democrats to Washington this year. The balance of power between the two great parties will probably be held by Progressives or nominal Republicans who are not in general sympathy with the President, and who will more often

vote against his policies than for them. No one can tell how the new House of Representatives will stand. The Republicans hope to retain their majority, but it seems pretty sure to be considerably smaller than it has been, and it is at least possible that it may disappear altogether.

Everyone will watch with interest to see whether or not Governor Smith is re-elected to his fourth term as Governor of New York; to see whether U. S. Senator Wadsworth, who has declared in favor of reconsidering the Eighteenth Amendment, is able to get himself re-elected from the same state; to see what happens to Mr. Butler, the Republican Senator from Massachusetts and the President's nearest friend in the Senate; to see whether the Democrats, by carrying Ohio, can produce two new Presidential possibilities in Governor Donahey and Mr. Atlee Pomerene, their candidate for Senator; to see how Mr. Brookhart, the Progressive Republican of Iowa who was unseated by the Senate last winter, fares in his campaign for reelection; to see what happens to Mr. Vare in Pennsylvania and Colonel Smith in Illinois, the two candidates nominated in primaries where vast amounts of money were used.

So, though we are not electing a President, there is enough of importance being decided next Tuesday to make a perusal of the newspapers next morning interesting. The voters of the nation will not as a whole express their will in any definite manner on any of the real issues in politics—on prohibition, or the World Court, or the tariff, or the war debts, or relief for the farming interest; but they will send to Washington or to the state capitals men whose views on such questions are important—and not unknown.

### A HURRICANE

THE terrific storm which devastated the coasts of Florida recently—the most destructive tropical hurricane since that which wrecked Galveston in 1900—has directed fresh attention to these remarkable meteorological disturbances. We know a good deal more about them than we used to, thanks to the establishment of weather stations in the West Indies and the possibility of radio communication with ships far out to sea.

A hurricane starts out in the Atlantic in the region of dead air between the trade-wind belts, known to sailors as "the doldrums." The atmosphere there becomes very hot and excessively charged with moisture. Severe thunder storms result, and when the conditions are just right they set up a furious cyclonic movement of the winds, which rush in to the center of electrical disturbance from all sides. Curiously enough, this cyclone does not at first move from west to east, like the ordinary storm. It goes straight west across the ocean, gathering force as it goes. By the time it reaches the West Indies or our own coast, the up-whirling current of air at its core is so powerful that it sucks the winds inward at the rate of a hundred miles an hour or more. Eventually the motion of the earth checks the westward course of the storm; it turns northward and, if it lasts long enough, northeastward. Then it becomes just an ordinary storm and often dies out before it has crossed our Central States to the sea. The Galveston hurricane was the most persistent on record. It swept northeastward to the Great Lakes, still a storm of great power. It reached the Atlantic coast, crossed the ocean, caused high winds on the European coast, and was last heard of, a dying cyclone, in Russia.

Although a hurricane causes winds of such tremendous velocity, it does not itself move forward with unusual speed. A few hundred miles a day is its usual progress. Its approach can therefore be predicted if there are any observers in its track.

Ten or a dozen such tropical storms sweep eastward across the Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea every summer and fall. Fortunately, their track is narrow, and it is only occasionally that they pass over a land region where great damage can be done. But when they do strike such a region their destructiveness is terrific. No known storm wind except the typhoon of the China Sea—which is essentially the same kind of disturbance—is so furious and so devastating.

### BACK TO THE KITCHEN

THE kitchen, as many social philosophers have pointed out, is the true heart of the home. The prehistoric cave-dwelling was all kitchen; the earliest houses scarcely more. Our earliest ancestors lived, ate, talked and slept within reach of the fire which warmed

them and cooked their food. That was the original domestic "hearth," symbol of everything sweet and holy in family life. As man became more civilized, more pretentious, he added separate sleeping-rooms and finally separate living-rooms to his kitchen, and withdrew to them. Scornful as sophisticated man usually is of the simple and fundamental things of life, he abandoned the kitchen to the servants and permitted the room in which his race was nourished to become the least regarded of all his apartments.

In the farmhouses of the country and in many of the village homes the kitchen still remains the center of the house, but in the cities, in suburban places and in most of the growing towns of the country it has fallen to the state we have described. However, there are indications that the family is gradually finding its way back to the kitchen.

Look at the plans of the houses that are going up about you in country town or suburb. Look at the arrangement of the most modern city apartments. What do you find? The "breakfast nook" or alcove is everywhere popular. At one side of the kitchen it lies, not divided from the rest of the room by any partition, a little corner where two settles or benches, with a practicable table between them, offer a convenient place for the family to breakfast, within reach of the range or gas stove on which the oatmeal, the bacon and eggs and the coffee are cooking. Many people who have such a nook in their kitchens use it for luncheon as well as breakfast. Dinners are not seldom eaten there. Thousands of families use the dining-room no more than an old New England household used its "keeping-room" or parlor.

Probably the chief reason why so many people have taken to eating in the kitchen again is the difficulty of finding servants in these days of limited immigration and highly paid opportunities in industry. If the mother or the daughters have to prepare the meals, it means far less work to serve them within a half-dozen steps of range or sink or pantry. But, whatever the cause, the phenomenon is interesting. Family life will not suffer, it will rather gain, by the return of those who must live it to the ancestral hearth. That hearth, now represented by the neat and serviceable range, enameled or polished, is less picturesque and homely than it was, centuries ago, but the modern kitchen is a pleasant place. It is cleaner and brighter than of yore, shining with white enamel, gay with colored linoleum, bright with silver-hued aluminum. We are glad that it is being rediscovered.

### IN PRAISE OF PIE

IN the midst of a recent newspaper story of a tragedy in a New England country town, the faithful reporter wrote, "Mrs. So-and-So was seated at the breakfast table, about to cut a pie."

The interest of the statement lies in the simple, natural way in which it is made. The writer is drawing a picture of ordinary domestic life. Nothing seems likely to ruffle its quiet current. The usual breakfast dish is in its proper place, about to be served.

The city reader smiles, but the dweller in the country reads on, grave-faced and attentive; for, though pie may have ceased to be breakfast food for the cosmopolitan, it still holds its place in the affections of those less conventional and more independent citizens who live in the country because they like it, and eat what they please for the same reason.

The late "Tommy" Hunt of the Boston Public Library was fond of telling the story of the farmer who was driving into the city one morning with a load of canteloupes. A man in the suburbs was mowing his lawn. "Want any canteloupes?" asked the farmer. "No, I guess not," said the man. "They're usin' 'em now a good deal," ventured the farmer, and, as a further allurements, added, "Lots of city folks has 'em for breakfast, in place of pie." Mr. Hunt's auditors were usually members of the St. Botolph Club, sophisticated men; but, although they always laughed courteously, the careful observer could see in an eye here and there a tender and reminiscent look, as if the listener were recalling something pleasant.

Age cannot wither nor can custom stale the infinite variety of pie. Like death, which the timorous dyspeptic associates with it, it hath all seasons for its own. It is the birth-right of a free people. So long as the full moon shall return unclouded to the heavens, so long will the true American see in it a sign that there will be pie for breakfast if he wants it. A ring round it may mean that there will be only doughnuts.

## THIS BUSINESS WORLD

### FRANCE WITHDRAWING FROM THE RHINE

SINCE the admission of Germany to the League, and the consequent improvement of its relations with France, the gradual withdrawal of French troops from the occupied district along the Rhine has begun. Some six or seven thousand soldiers have been recalled, and though plenty more remain it is certain that they too will be steadily marched back to France unless something comes up to revive the animosity of the two nations. That there is still ground enough for misunderstanding is clear from the irritation of the Germans at a recent speech of M. Poincaré and the corresponding protests aroused in Paris by a speech made in Berlin by Herr Stresemann. Both addresses dealt with the delicate question of "war guilt." Poincaré urged the Germans to admit the responsibility of the old imperial government for the war, while Stresemann asserted that the German government, though not free from blame, had no more to do with the actual outbreak of the war than the governments of Austria, Russia, Serbia and France. It is a tender subject for everyone; one can hardly see how there can ever be any general agreement on it.

### THE STATUS OF "DISARMAMENT"

IT is the opinion in Geneva now that the long-talked-of conference on limitation of armaments will actually be held next spring. All that is at present hoped for is the consent of various European powers to limit their standing armies to a figure not above and probably somewhat below the present one. The diplomatic members of the preparatory committee which has been sitting at Geneva have got little help from the military experts who are attached to the committee. For they have insisted on confusing their report on the technical questions submitted to them by all sorts of arguments of a political and economic sort—an aspect of the problem which the diplomatic representatives prefer to consider without the help of the military men.—A self-constituted committee of eminent Europeans, mostly persons with the "international mind," like H. G. Wells, Romain Rolland, Doctor Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Henri Barbusse and General von Deming, have undertaken to forward the hope of disarmament by fostering a plan by which all the European nations shall abandon the idea of conscript armies and compulsory military service.

### NATURE IN UNFRIENDLY MOOD

THE terrible calamity at Miami and along the Florida coast has diverted attention from some other evidences of nature's destructive power. In Iowa and Illinois there have been excessive rains followed by floods that overflowed crop-lands and did a good deal of damage in many cities on the banks of the larger rivers. They were followed by unusually early frosts that still further injured the late crops. In Paraguay there was a hurricane that wrecked the city of Encarnacion and numerous smaller places. More than 500 persons are said to have lost their lives. Another hurricane struck the city of Vera Cruz in Mexico and caused a great deal of destruction, and Hongkong, off the China coast, reported the most severe and devastating typhoon in years.

### A STRANGE STORY FROM THE ARCTIC

WHEN Admiral Peary found the North Pole in 1909, one of the supporting parties that accompanied him part way was led by Ross G. Marvin, a young Cornell professor. When that party returned to the land base, Marvin was missing. The Eskimos said he had broken through thin ice and drowned. Now seventeen years later, one of the Eskimos, Kudlooktoo, confesses that he himself shot Marvin, who had apparently lost his self-control and had ordered one of the Eskimos, with whom he had quarreled, abandoned on the polar ice without food or sledge. Marvin's friends believe that the truth is that the Eskimos themselves became panic-stricken and killed him because he would not yield to their fears. Altogether it is a strange story. No punishment is likely to be visited on Kudlooktoo, who killed



Marvin in a No Man's Land, where at that time no form of government existed.

#### A KING COMING TO SEE US?

IT is reported from Paris that the visit of Queen Marie of Roumania to the United States will be followed by one from King Boris, the reigning sovereign of Bulgaria. Boris's visit, it is said, will be something of a business trip. He wants to get financial support from this country, in the development of Bulgaria's resources. It is even whispered that he might be willing to find a young woman here who should combine the charm and the wealth which he would like his Queen to possess; for King Boris is still a bachelor.

#### TEAPOT DOME AGAIN

THE Federal Circuit Court of Appeals has reversed the decision of the lower court, which confirmed the Mammoth Oil Company's title to the lease of the naval oil fields at Teapot Dome in Wyoming. The appellate court declared that the evidence indicated corruption and fraud in the granting of the lease by the representatives of the government, and made its own view of the responsibility in the case clear, by asserting that no government official except Mr. Albert B. Fall, then Secretary of the Interior, was involved in the suspicion of corruption. The decision made this refreshing comment on the refusal of certain witnesses to give testimony on the ground that they might incriminate themselves: "That is a plea not resorted to by honest men." The Mammoth Oil Company, which is controlled by Mr. H. F. Sinclair is enjoined from trespassing on the Teapot Dome reserves.

#### MISCELLANY

##### AUTUMN LEAVES

*Beauty of russet and scarlet swirled,  
Crisp brown scraps of parchment curled,  
Veined transparencies, scalloped sheen,  
Little gold fans and arrows of green—  
Down you flit by twos and threes,  
By scores and clouds from the drowsy trees.  
Dancing there in a giddy round,  
Drifting here to the cordial ground,  
Quiet or sleeping, none of you grieves.  
On a bright and spirited autumn day  
Why should anyone sigh and say,  
"Dead leaves?"*

*Ho, for the new adventure begun,  
With release from the bough!  
There is wind, there is sun!  
There is hope that builds already for spring.  
Who forever would clutch and cling  
Even upon one beautiful tree?  
Now, little lingerers, now you are free!  
Free to flutter and float and fly,  
Each to be quiet at last, and lie  
In a gentle sleep under snow, under rain,  
Till spring shall rouse you over again;  
Out of your dust in the fragrant mould,  
Mingled with essences manifold,  
Sap and strength from a quenchless Source,  
Life and love for an endless course.  
Dry leaves, old leaves, tired but glad,  
Who should be frightened, who be sad?  
Off for renascence, none knows how,  
Perhaps to bud on a fairer bough,  
Not a simple green leaf, but a Rose instead.  
No leaves are dead.  
—ABBIE FARWELL BROWN*

#### SUCCESS AS PREPARATION FOR FAILURE

AMONG the most tragic of life's failures are the lapses of men who have withstood so many temptations that they are assumed to be beyond temptation's reach. Never is the moral sense of a community so shocked as when a man who has long been trusted proves faithless. It might almost be said that the very confidence which had been built up by their long fidelity proved a preparation for their ultimate fall. Sad is the word about Joab, who, when Solomon was enthroned, "turned after Adonijah, though he turned not after Absalom." He had been loyal to David through one hard crisis only to prove a traitor to his king in another. And Joab did not succeed by his perfidy. His failure was the more terrible because of his long fidelity.

It has been said that it is a great thing for a man to be well laid in his grave. The statement has in it much food for thought. A man who has finished his life and who, being buried, evokes words of commendation from those who look backward over his whole life, deserves reverent committal to mother earth. For any other man perhaps the best it is well to say is, as Daniel Webster proudly said of the state of his adoption, "The past, at least, is secure."

But for the man himself who has earned the good will and respect of his neighbors by long fidelity something is possible besides waiting to see whether he continues true to the end. He can highly resolve, as Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the battles and sacrifices already made shall not have been in vain; and a man may do that as surely with respect to his own sacrifices as those of others.

To stand true through one crisis only to fall under the strain of the next is a very uninspiring possibility. Joab is far from having been the only military leader of whom this proved true. Ambition, resentment, jealousy, the mere monotony of fidelity so long continued that it had come to be accepted as part of the established order—these have wrecked the fame of many a brave man. It is never safe for any man to assume that he is above temptation.

Brave men, generous men, men who had done many worthy deeds, have dropped in their tracks because they forgot this simple lesson; and cities and nations have been shocked and profoundly saddened.

#### THE NAVY AS A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

WHO can write so well of the Navy, as a career, as one who has made a real career in the Navy! Lieutenant Commander Edwards, who contributes to this issue of The Companion an article on this subject, is an officer who has made an enviable name for himself in his profession. Less than thirty years old when the United States entered the war, he served with distinction on the staff of Admiral Sims, and during the last part of the war he was in charge of our Navy aviation, with headquarters in London.

After the war, while commanding a destroyer based in Constantinople, he ran his ship alongside a burning French transport, on which ammunition was exploding, and took off safely 482 men and women. For this he received the highest of all naval and military distinctions, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Apart from its splendid opportunities for service, there are many lighter moments and much humor in a typical Navy career. One of Edwards's shipmates tells us that he once sent a mess attendant down to awaken him. Edwards had been up all night navigating the ship during a gale, and had been in his bunk only a few hours. Presently the man returned and reported that Lieutenant Commander Edwards was unhappily dead. The consternation among his fellow officers was allayed when Edwards managed to rouse himself out of slumber, and to appear on deck for duty with the same words once used by Mark Twain. "The report of my death," he said sleepily, "has been greatly exaggerated."

#### THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures; how can any family tell which are really worth seeing? The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

#### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

**No Man's Gold**—William Fox  
The exciting adventures of an odd trio in search of a lost mine. Tom Mix and "Tony."

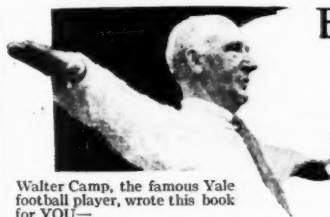
**The Hidden Way**—Associated Exhibitors  
A dear old lady, by her loving faith, regenerates three law-breakers. Mary Carr.

**The Runaway Express**—Universal  
A cowboy engineer kidnaps an express train, and justifies the deed. Jack Daugherty.

**The Clinging Vine**—Producers' Distributing Corp.  
A manish young business woman learns the value of femininity from a modern grandmother. Leatrice Joy, Tom Moore.

**The Flying Horseman**—William Fox  
Eight urchins in a flivver rescue their cowboy hero and help him win the race. Buck Jones.

**Laddie**—F. B. O.  
Gene Stratton Porter's rustic romance faithfully translated to the screen. John Bowers.



Walter Camp, the famous Yale football player, wrote this book for YOU—

#### Do You Know

That if you go to bed tired out you are more likely to catch contagious diseases?  
That hot bread is just as digestible as any other bread?  
That to the business man the only value of golf or tennis lies in rest and change, not in exercise?  
That being 15 minutes later at the office you may be many years later at the cemetery?  
That dangerous fat hides where you can't see or feel it?  
That the best cure for constipation is not medicine?  
Get straight on this all-important business of Health!

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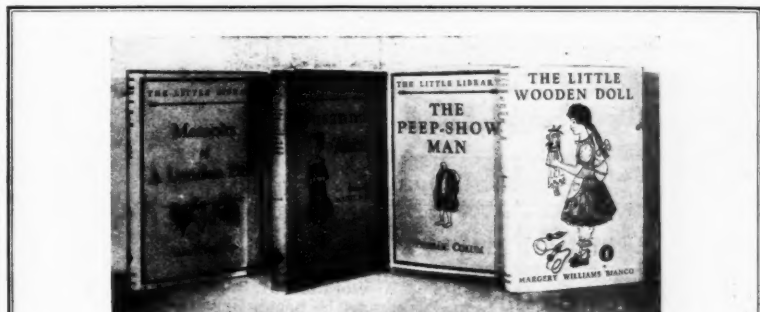


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Signed LEONARD DREW, Publisher.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of Sept., 1926.

JOSEPH W. VINAL, Notary Public.  
(My commission expires October 9, 1930.)



Any type of hair can be made to lie down

## 958 College Men

tell how they keep  
their hair in place

If your hair is unruly you naturally wonder, "How do other fellows keep their hair in place?"

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**Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap**  
Bland and Soothing to Tender Skin.

### PA PENGUIN, SWIMMING TEACHER

THE penguin is a curious bird, almost humorously suggestive of a human being in a long black coat and a white waistcoat. This amusing description of the appearance and conduct of a group of penguins is taken from "Wonderful Africa" by Mr. F. A. Donithorne. He saw the birds on a group of rocky islets off the Cape of Good Hope.

Soon after the start, my guides conducted me to a long curved stretch of beach, where I was confronted with a wonderful sight, for the penguins were here in groups of thousands, and seemed almost as thick as pebbles on the shore. It was a magnificent sight: as far as one's eye could see there was nothing but penguins—fathers, mothers, children young and old—in tens of thousands.

When these birds are in the last stages of their moult, and most of the larger birds have shed their down-like plumage, they congregate on the fringe of the shore, where they will stand for days quite upright and rigid, somewhat resembling wooden soldiers, with scarcely a movement one way or another. There was a good sprinkling of young birds among them; I presume they were thinking that what was good enough for their fathers and mothers was good enough for them. The young ones seemed to be waiting for something to happen; I watched them very carefully, and every now and again an old bird, who had shaken off the moulting feathers somewhat before his companions, would bob up quite close to the shore, wade through the breakers, get clear of the water, shake himself like some old man returning from a bath, and waddle straight up the beach into the thick of a batch of young penguins and begin a regular chatter as though telling the chicks how to proceed when in the ocean below the surface. The

### MISCELLANY (Continued from page 803)

young ones appeared thoroughly to enjoy the old birds' home-coming, and to be saying, "Hooray! here's pa," or "Here's ma," whichever it might be. The chatter is taken up by the whole colony; but, generally speaking, the young birds have to teach themselves and to demonstrate to the others by their actions; then they come ashore, tell the chicks what to do and what to expect when they venture into the mighty ocean.

I watched a few of the young birds make an attempt to enter the sea. They apparently dived all right, but came up most awkwardly, though they seemed to swim splendidly. They did not remain in the sea long, but would make for the shore as soon as they came to the surface, perch themselves on a rock or some chosen part of the beach, flap their so-called wings, put their heads on one side, and utter a few squeaks which were apparently directed to their pals, "How's that, boys?"

### ART AND OMELETTE

THE Companion published recently a little article on Whistler's mother—the lovely old lady whose portrait is one of the finest and most familiar achievements of modern art. Whistler, in painting his own mother, had a gentle, docile and patient model; but he was also an admirable painter of children, the liveliest and most difficult of sitters. He had found an ingenious method of charming them into a mood of willing compliance.

He would greet a reluctant child entering his studio with a joyful cry, "Now we are going to do great things together!" and start immediate preparations for a delicious luncheon, allowing his eager guest to help bring out the dishes, set the table, and break the

eggs for the wonderful fluffy omelette which he would presently cook himself, flipping it over expertly at just the right breathless instant, and serving it up, hot and golden and done to a turn. Only at the end of a gay and friendly meal would the jolly cook become the serious artist; but by that time the fascinated child was ready at his word to take any pose desired, and keep as still as a mouse.

But Whistler, once he began to paint, forgot completely everything but art, including the increasing weariness of his model. Almost always, grateful memory of that perfect omelette kept the stiff and cramped youngster patient for a long time: So long that when a protest came at last it was less likely to be expressed in words than in a loud and sudden howl of woe. Startled from his artistic trance, Whistler would turn helplessly to his friend, exclaiming, "What's it all about? Can't you give it something? Can't you buy it something?"

The pampered little guest of the luncheon had been reduced to "it"—an object to be painted, not even a human boy or girl! Nevertheless, although it often took both candy and persuasion to stop "its" flow of present grief, no child refused to come again for another sitting—and another omelette!

### A CANNY CHILD

UNCLE JIM had given his small nephew a dime; but not long afterward the child appeared, long of face, to report: "That dime you gave me slipped through a hole in my pocket."

"Well, here's another," said Uncle Jim. "Don't let this one get lost too."

The youngster looked thoughtful. "Perhaps half a dollar would be safer, wouldn't it, uncle?" he said.

## Walter Camp (Continued from page 801)

under the strain of the war. It was decided that our leaders must not break down; Walter Camp was designated to teach the Daily Dozen to the President's Cabinet, and to other high officials. He met them at 7:30 each morning on a plot of grass behind the Treasury Building. They were amazed to find how easy and refreshing the Daily Dozen is, and how much good it did them. They thought at first that Walter Camp might impose dietary rules. He did not. He merely advised them to take a bath and a rub-down before breakfast. Not a man in that class broke down from strain or overwork during the war.

As soon as the war ended, Camp gave the Daily Dozen to America through articles in the American Magazine and in Collier's Weekly. These articles were reprinted in pamphlet form, and four hundred thousand copies were quickly sold; after which the Daily Dozen was put into the form of phonograph records, and now it has been made available to millions of people through the radio.

But the very best way to learn the Daily Dozen, and to learn why it is so good for you, is to read the little book that Walter Camp wrote about it. This book, fully illustrated, can be bought for a dollar from the Reynolds Publishing Company, New York City. From the point of view of your health, this may be the best dollar you will ever invest. Walter Camp's chapters on Taking Stock of Yourself, on Fat Reduction, on Diet, on the Vices (alcohol and tobacco), and on Getting What You Want from Life deserve the most serious consideration from all people, old or young, who want to live wisely and well.

In this book and in all his later writings, Camp showed his dominant interest in the public welfare. He became very much interested, as he grew older, in boys and girls. He had an immense correspondence with

them, and he showed them how to build themselves not merely into athletes but into happy, successful men and women. Boys were always close to his heart. He often coached school football teams, with no thought of pay or reward. No request from a boy to Walter Camp ever was too troublesome.

Such kindness to young people is the chief sunshine of old age. By 1925, Walter Camp was an old man. It is true that he looked young. He had taken such splendid care of his physical condition that his digestion was perfect. He never caught cold or suffered from headache. His step was elastic. He always rose from the deepest chair without pushing himself up with his hands. He felt in perfect health. He went on March 13, 1925, to the annual meeting of the Football Rules Committee. A little before midnight, his dear friends said good-night to him. On the following morning he did not come down to breakfast, and it was found that he had peacefully passed away in his sleep.

This was the sort of farewell that befitted Walter Camp. He was an apostle of health, and he had never been ill. He felt none of the slow attacks of old age. He was the inventor of American football, and he died with football the last thought in his mind.

and with its leading men around him. They took solemn pride in the knowledge that he had been spared to give them his counsel and help to the end, and they passed a resolution that illustrates this feeling of pride. At the Walter Camp Memorial Service in New Haven, a little later, Professor Charles W. Kennedy came from Princeton to say that Walter Camp was "a generous opponent, a loyal friend, a sportsman without fear and without reproach."

### The Walter Camp Memorial

These are splendid words, but they are not more splendid than the great memorial which is about to rise to Walter Camp's memory on Yale Field. But it will be Yale Field no longer; it will be known forever as the Walter Camp Fields. Upon a beautiful stone colonnade, fifty feet high, will appear the names of the schools and colleges which are helping to build this memorial through a committee of which Mr. W. Richmond Smith of 45 Rose St., New York City, is secretary.

Among all the memorials to great men in the world, there are two which seem especially appropriate to the places where they stand. This memorial of Walter Camp will be one. The other is a statue, and you can find it only by traveling out of the city of Panama until you come to a lonely beach.

The statue represents a man in armor looking out to sea. But this man is Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, and the ocean is the great Pacific Ocean which he discovered at the place where his statue now stands. Not less impressive as the years go by will be the Walter Camp Memorial—a constant reminder of his service to Yale and to the whole nation. He, too, wore the armor of the high chivalrous spirit that dares to strive and to find.

THE END.



The United States War Cabinet doing the Daily Dozen, 1918



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## Stamps to Stick



### A New Portuguese Series

PORTUGAL'S national independence is recalled by the designs of a new series which that republic has issued, supplemented by an abbreviated set for the Azores. A portrait of Don Afonso Henriques, "the Conqueror," who ruled as Portugal's first king, in 1140, appears on the 2 centavos, orange brown, 4 centavos, green, 6 centavos, brown, and 16 centavos, blue, of Portugal, and on the 2, 4 and 6 centavos of the Azores. Filipa de Vilhena, who was the consort of King Joao VI, is figured on the 25 centavos, red-brown, 40 centavos, brown, 50 centavos, olive, and 75 centavos, chocolate, of Portugal, and on the same denominations of the Azores. The battle of Aljubarrota, fought in August, 1385, is depicted on the 20 centavos, purple, 32 centavos, green, 1.60 escudos, slate-blue, and 10 escudos, red, of Portugal, and on the 32 centavos of the Azores. The ancient Dominican monastery of Batalha, erected to commemorate the battle, is shown on the 3 centavos, blue, 5 centavos, gray-black, 15 centavos, deep gray-green, and 46 centavos, lake-red, of Portugal, and on the 5 and 15 centavos of the Azores. A portrait of King Joao IV, who headed the revolt of 1640, is on the 64 centavos, blue-green, and 1



philatelists by the Geographical Society of Lisbon—probably at enhanced prices!

### Los Angeles-Seattle Airmail

ANOTHER airmail stamp has been issued at Washington. Similar in design to the 10-cent light blue, with a map of the country and with two airplanes, the new adhesive, 15 cents in value, is sepia in color and is horizontally long and narrow. The stamp serves for postage on a letter which, having traveled by air within one zone of the government's transcontinental route, the rate being 10 cents within such a zone, thereafter leaves the cross-country line and continues by air over one of the privately-operated routes.

## HOW TO USE THE CATALOGUE

THE recent appearance of the 1927 edition of the American standard postage-stamp catalogue perhaps makes timely a few words in answer to a question which the beginner-collector is apt to ask: "How do I use the catalogue?"

This book is the collector's authority, setting forth illustrated designs, dates of issue, catalogue and type numbers, stamp denominations, currency terms, perforation measurements, and philatelic valuations of both used and unused specimens of stamps. Accordingly it is essential that the collector possess the catalogue, so that he may distinguish, one from another, certain stamps which to all appearances are one and the same but which nevertheless differ in minor detail. As an example let us consider the chronicling of Russia's recent Esperanto Congress commemoratives, on page 1622 of the new catalogue.

Turning to Russia, we find the information that 100 kopeks equal 1 ruble. We learn also that Russia's first stamp, issued in 1857, is illustrated and is given a type number—A1. The illustration of the second Russian issue, of date of 1858, is given the next higher type number—A2. So, following the illustrations of subsequent Russian stamps, we come to the Esperanto Congress design, and we find it is type A74.

This commemorative series is chronicled in the new catalogue as follows:

We have, first, the date of issue—1926; then comes the style of watermark—"Greek Border and Rosettes (170)." The 170 is the number given that particular design of watermark, and all known watermarks are illustrated in the back of the catalogue. Turn to No. 170 in that list and we find the "Greek Border and Rosettes" style pictured.

Then comes the perforation—"Perf. 12x 12½." This means that along each of two sides of the stamp there are 12 perforation holes within a width of two centimeters, with 12½ holes within the same width along the other two sides. If these stamps were without perforations, the wording "Im-

perf." would appear. (A gauge which will enable the collector to determine a stamp's perforations may be had without cost from any reliable dealer.) Then comes the number—347—in italics. This is the number assigned by the catalogue publishers to the lower value of this issue. Russia's first stamp, of 1857, is No. 1. These two commemoratives are No. 347 and No. 348.

Next is set down "A74." This is the type number given the Esperanto Congress design as illustrated in the catalogue.

Now we come to "7k blue green and red." This tells us that stamp No. 347 is 7 kopeks in value, and we learn the stamp's colors—a bluish shade of green, and red.

Finally, following the listing of the 7k, is the figure "9." This means that the catalogue value of the 7k, in unused condition, is nine cents. As this stamp was only recently issued, its value in canceled condition has not yet been determined; but in the 1928 catalogue the figure "9" will be followed by still another figure, perhaps "3," which would indicate that the stamp's value in canceled condition would be three cents.

Information regarding watermarks, perforations, etc., is contained in a booklet called "The Standard Guide to Stamp Collecting," which The Companion will be glad to send to anyone in return for a 2-cent stamp.



1926 Wmkd.  
 Greek Border and Rosettes. (170)  
 Perf. 12x12½.  
 347 A74 7k blue green & red 9  
 348 14k blue green & violet 16

## Just What Every Stamp Collector Wants—FREE

THE new 1927 Scott Price List is just out . . . brimming full of wonderful bargains. Hundreds of Scott Seald packets, sets, and dime sets of guaranteed genuine stamps. Many attractive new packets and sets that every collector, advanced or beginning, should know about. Prices that make every item a real bargain. Also describes the complete line of Scott Albums, from 60 cents to \$55.00, catalogues, hinges, tongs, magnifying glasses, watermark detectors, millimetre scale and perforation gauge and all other accessories needed by the collector.

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**QUEEN CITY STAMP COMPANY**  
 Room 38 604 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

## TRIANGLES

4 { Scarce Nyassa giraffe triangle, 1 Austria } For  
 Special Delivery, 1 Flume with battle-  
 ship, Flume 2c brown. All triangular  
 stamps. 5c  
 And 2 Portuguese Colonies for good measure. How's that?  
**CROWDER & CO., Waverly Station, Baltimore, Md.**

## 100 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE

to applicants for Popular Net Approvals, postage 2c.  
**CHRISTENSEN STAMP CO.**

826 Teutonia Ave. Milwaukee, Wis.

**FREE.** Hungary Charity No. 565 to 567 and a surprise packet given to those requesting my 1, 2, and 3c approvals and also my 50% discount. **Charles W. Schmidt, P. O. Box No. 4832, Frankford Sta., Phila., Pa.**

**WONDER** 100 Portugal different \$0.40; 150 \$1.20; 200 \$2. **Gomes de Souza, R. Conde Redondo, 37, Lisbon, Portugal.**

California gold, \$¼ size 27c. \$¼ size 53c. 100,000 German Marks & Catalogue 10c. **N. Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake, Utah.**

**1000** different stamps \$3.80; 2000 \$3.50; 3000 \$10. **Fred Oaken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**STAMPS** 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c. **Y. C. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**

200 Different stamps; triangle, Pictorial, etc., only 10c. **R. H. Carlton, 380 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.**

**FREE** Sample Stamp and Coin Collector, monthly. **Kraus, 409 Chestnut, Milwaukee, Wis.**

**108** Stps., Chad, Ned. Indies, etc., and album 4c, to approval applicants. **Hill, Leonard St., Waltham, Mass.**

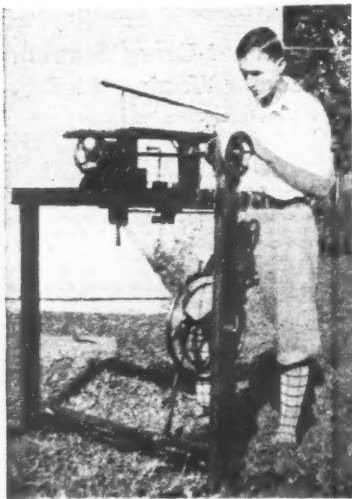
**FREE** 12 scarce Azerbaijan to approval applicants. **Penna Stamp Co., Manor, Pa.**

**500** diff., album, gauge, hinges, list 40c. **OROC, 12 Geary 206, San Francisco, Calif.**

**STAMPS.** 100 China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (500 pictures) 3c. **A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A8, Boston**

**FREE** 101 Diff. Peachy stamps to app. appl. Postage 2c. **Johnson Stamp Co., Jamestown, N. Y.**

**Two Triangle Stamps FREE** if you request approvals. Postage 2c. **George C. Linn Co., Columbus, Ohio.**



### 48th Weekly \$5 Award

WHEN anything interests the membership of the Y. C. Lab so sincerely as the idea of owning a lathe, it is obvious that the Director will have the opportunity to examine a multitude of home-made products designed as substitutes for the purchased article. For a lathe costs \$50 or more, and this sum is almost beyond the "capacity to pay" of the Y. C. Lab Member. In many ways, it is well that this should be so, for the latent ingenuity of Lab Members as evidenced in the design and construction of substitutes would never have come to light if lathes were to be had as readily as tack hammers. The phrase which names necessity as the mother of invention is an old phrase, but its truth becomes more evident among the Lab membership every day.

Here, for example, you see pictured a lathe that cost a total of \$1.75, which is a rather heavy discount from \$50, and when you realize that the project brings to Member Goffe Benson (14) of Heron Lake, Minn., the 48th Weekly \$5.00 Award you will see that practically it cost him nothing, and that he has obtained in addition a credit balance of \$3.25 to show for his skill.

Very few home-constructed lathes out of the hundreds that have been examined in the past year exhibit so workmanlike a construction as that of Member Benson. The frame is trim and well designed but with no unnecessary parts. The entire arrangement is logical and economical and, although made out of spare material, does not have the indiscriminate look of some others. Member Benson cast his own bearings out of Babbitt metal and set them carefully to avoid the alignment errors which can make a lathe close to worthless.

Power is supplied by a foot treadle. A belt runs from the drive wheel on the left leg to the pulley wheel seen at the top. Both the drive wheel and the pulley wheel are, as you can perhaps discern, parts from an old sewing-machine. The tail stock is made of wagon oak with a one-half inch bolt run through at the same height as the shaft. The tail stock is held in position by a lever and cam. The tail stock bolt can be screwed back and forth by a wheel attached at the end.

The lathe can likewise be used as a jig saw. Jig-saw arms are two feet long and tapered slightly with a pivot six inches in from the thickest end, and just behind the pivot is a tightening wire to keep the blade taut. The jig saw is run by a crank arm that slides in a slotted piece of zinc on the lower saw arm.

Member Benson reports that his \$1.75 was spent as follows: Wood, \$1.00; mechanical work, \$.35; bolts, \$.30; saw blades, \$.10.

But this amount of money will get no one very far with a lathe unless he possesses the diligence and ingenuity of Member Benson—always the two great factors which augment mere cash in helping you get what you want.

### Membership Coupon

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any questions concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the Weekly, Quarterly and Annual Awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

The Director, Y. C. Lab  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

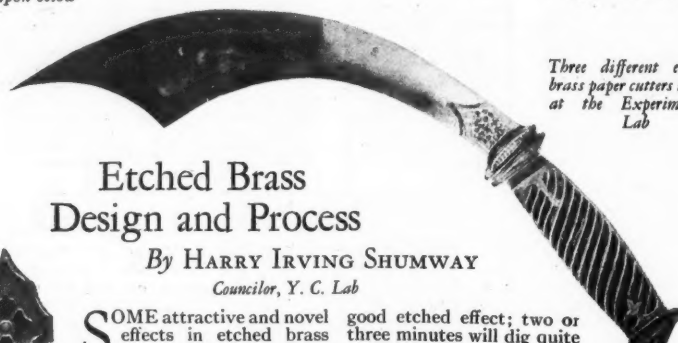
## THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

Y. C. Lab Project No. 49



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



Three different etched brass paper cutters made at the Experimental Lab

### Etched Brass Design and Process

By HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY

Councilor, Y. C. Lab



edge with a flat file.

The design for etching comes next and is drawn with a pencil. Everything not to be etched must be painted with some medium immune to the action of the acid. The examples shown here, which were designed and executed by the Members of the Y. C. Lab, were painted with black brushing Duco, which dries hard in a matter of minutes. Asphaltum paint is generally used but takes a little longer to dry. Any of the new popular quick drying lacquers will answer.

The design is etched, more or less deeply, by immersing the article in a solution made up of two parts of water, one part of nitric acid and one part of sulphuric acid. As these acids burn, they must be kept away from the skin and clothing. Measure out the water first in a graduate or wide-mouth bottle, then slowly pour in the nitric, then the sulphuric acid. There is no danger if this is done carefully and slowly.

Dip the article into the solution so all of the design is covered evenly. It will bubble and smoke as the acid gets in its work. About a minute in the solution will give a

good etched effect; two or three minutes will dig quite deeply. If the article is to be relieved in places with colored enamels, the deep etching is the thing. A short dip will answer for the one without color. The article is then washed and the paint removed, leaving the design eaten into the brass.

It can be given a bright finish on the buffing lathe, first with rotten stone on a felt wheel for scratches and imperfections and finally with rouge or Acme on a rag wheel for the high polish.

In case no buffing lathe is at hand, fine pumice on a cloth will help to take out the rough marks and metal polish will finish. It can be lacquered to keep from tarnishing.

These ornaments are greatly set off by putting on colored enamel in the etched parts and baking for a hard finish. Ordinary enamels are perfectly good, and these can be applied with a small camel-hair brush. The oven (ordinary gas oven or range) should be about 150 degrees to 175. A hot oven blisters. Bright red, blue and green look well on polished brass. Of course the enamel should be used sparingly or the effect is too gaudy.

Another method of finishing for two colors is to plate in a copper solution, after the acid bath. With the asphaltum or lacquer still on, the copper solution will not "take," so the resulting effect is a brass ornament, seemingly inlaid with copper.

There is no limit to the things possible in this simple method of etching. Metal-covered boxes, small brass lamps, candlesticks and many articles can be made wonderfully attractive. If one is good at lettering, door plates would be an easy matter. The door plate could be done in two ways, the name etched or reverse.

### A Special Cash Award

THE car pictured below is not, Member Chester F. Johns (13) of Kennerdell, Pa., wishes it distinctly understood, a Ford. Therein lies the story of the Cash Award which goes this week to Member Johns. For the car is a Dodge—a Dodge which had no radiator until Member Johns reclaimed a Ford radiator from what it had believed was its last resting place. The entire achievement, although not possessing the grace and beauty of line of some of the finer custom-built products of the automotive

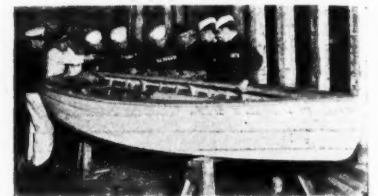


industry, represents, nevertheless, an achievement of much merit. Member Johns is matter-of-fact in his descriptions, which we quote: "The car shown is a Dodge roadster given me by my brother, who had taken the motor out."

"I put the motor back in it, cleaning it up and tightening the bearings. Then I took the body and the fenders off."

"By putting the rear springs under the axle instead of on top as they were, I made it about five inches lower. The radiator was gone, so I got a pretty fair Ford radiator out of the junk pile, and made brackets from strap iron to hold it on. The cowl is off of an old Grant Four, which I also found in the junk. All it cost me was fifty cents for a new cylinder head gasket. As I am not old enough to get a license, I can only drive around the farm and do not need tires, but if old rims were used to protect the wheels it would be much better." "The motor runs fine."

### More Buccaneers!



Buccaneer No. 4

FAR-SEEING and foresighted Members are making sure nowadays of great sport next summer by building their A. B. C. class boats now. A shower of pictures is coming in showing construction at home from knock-down parts supplied at such low prices by the Brooks Boat Company, Saginaw, Mich. If you have not secured plans and price list from them, send a two-cent stamp to their Chief Engineer, Mr. W. J. Pelon.

Last week you saw on this page Buccaneers 1 and 2. This week you see the next pair, No. 3 was launched last August by Member Charles P. Hodge at Avalon, N. J. "She certainly is fast," was his first report to the Director, after sailing the first day. Member Hodge has christened his boat "Scamp," and means to build another next spring, and so form the beginning of a real modern racing class at Avalon. A trophy will be put up for the season's races by the Y. C. Lab.

Boat No. 4 has a most interesting history. She has been built by the Sea Scouts, in Chicago, under the supervision of their National Director, our good friend Ensign Thomas J. Keane. He reports great satisfaction with the boat, and the way it went together when his boys and Captain Ort started work in August. One of our Chicago Members, DeWitt Worcester, has kept an eye on their progress, at the Director's request. Member Worcester's report is highly interesting. It reads in part: "I called on Mr. Keane at his office on August 13. He said he would be glad to have me come to the Columbia Yacht Club and watch the work. On the first evening, I found the bottom boards, ribs, knees and centerboard trunk assembled, and they were fitting the transom. The next time I looked at the boat, the planks were fastened to the 'fisherman bow' and the transom, and they were putting in the side ribs. On my next visit, the deck knees and seat risers were being put on, and the seats were neatly placed. Then came the risers, decks, and fender-wales. A week ago, the boat was being painted, and the mast fitted and varnished. Friday night (which was Sept. 17) I found the well-liked Captain Ort completing the rigging, splicing and reeving the halyards and the standing rigging. When all was in readiness, the Captain said, 'Toot, toot,' and sailed away on the boat's maiden trip. As to my personal opinion of the boat, I like its appearance very well, and would like to build one for myself next spring."

### Proceedings, Experimental Lab

October 5: Wound handles on five polo mallets, which have been fitted with steel shafts. Ground the cylinder wheels for the piston of the steam engine. Made a new thwart for one of the skiffs which was damaged in a gale; also a step.

October 6: Began making some door stops in cast lead. First the model is made in clay, then a plaster cast is made. The melted lead is then poured into the plaster mold. After that they are decorated in colored enamels or lacquered.

October 7: The door stops came out pretty well. First, we did an owl, modeled it in clay. It was rather a burlesque on an owl, but they are so solemn they are comic anyway. We got some old lead from a junk pile and melted it in a pan.

October 8: Painted the door stops—two owls and one dog. We used a quick-drying enamel, painting one color on as soon as the previous one was dry. They look quite good when finished. This is lots of fun, and we imagine many of the boys will like to do it when they read about it in the magazine.

October 10: Turned out a couple of pistons (the second ones we have done) for the steam engine. This is quite a job, building an engine. The lathe, with its machine outfit, is a wonderful help in this work.

October 11: The door stops suggested some bookends cast in lead. For the first model we carved two cakes of Ivory Soap put together instead of clay. It is surprising how delightful a medium is Ivory Soap. Instead of the tools recommended in the ads, we used a small set of wood-carving tools.



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## This FREE BOOK

Is a Real Money Maker for Trappers

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**BIG FUR YEAR AHEAD — GET READY NOW! FURS IN DEMAND** and prices are very high. If you expect to trap this winter be sure to send quickly for **TAYLOR FREE BOOK OF TRAPS**—52 pages in color, hundreds of pictures—most complete book of its kind. Also Taylor trapping service. **WRITE!**  
**F. C. TAYLOR FUR CO.**  
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## CLOGGED PORES

prevented if skin is well cleansed with non-irritant soap. Thousands use only

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Ice and Roller. Your Dad knows there are none better. Skating outfits at reasonable prices. If you cannot get them from your local dealer write to us.

The Samuel Winslow Skate Mfg. Company, Worcester, Mass.  
New York Office, Sales and Stock Room, 34 Warren Street

## First Down!

In the big game of life, these boys have already made long gains

LETTERS from boys who have made money in their spare time have been pouring into this office so fast that it began to look as if there wasn't going to be any more money left to make!

More boys wrote us that they had made their money in farming of various kinds than in any other occupation. For example,



Charles Kelso  
Chicken farmer

most interesting letter describing how he secured enough money from raising some Rhode Island Reds, and doing various odd jobs, almost to pay for violin lessons for a whole year. In the same mail, we received a letter from Raymond Matthews (17) of Luling, Tex. Among Raymond's successful ventures in finance was a quarter-acre truck farm, which, he says, "always produced from \$40 to \$100 profit" (quite a profit for a year, even in Texas!), and a heifer bought for \$25, which realized, when finally sold, a profit of 125 per cent on the investment. Also, Raymond picked cotton and helped to operate the local theatre.

Now, which of these two boys deserves the more credit? Raymond would appear to have done more, and made more profit, than Charles. Yet Charles is only eleven, and for an eleven-year-old boy Charles's patience and successful persistence are highly commendable. If Charles Kelso keeps on, he will probably, at the age of 17, be accomplishing every bit as much in the world as Raymond Matthews. So how can we judge? The only fair answer is that we cannot judge. The best we can do is to let as many of these money-makers as we have room for, from time to time, tell their own story in their own words.

WHILE we're on the subject of young farmers, let us run through a few more of the letters that they have written us. We introduce to you Kenneth Stoll, age 14, of Machias, N. Y. "Last summer," says Kenneth, "I had a garden and sold about \$5 worth of vegetables to campers. In the fall I sold my winter vegetables and received about \$5 from this sale. I spent \$2 of this last \$5 on Christmas presents, and saved the rest. By odd jobs through winter I earned \$3 more. In the spring, due to high snow banks which melted, the road by my house became impassable to sleighs, and the Superintendent of Highways hired my father and myself to shovel out a road through the banks. I earned \$4.50 at this, and with what I already had my savings amounted to \$10.50. I bought parts for a radio set with this money and made my own set." Kenneth is on the right road, though he can be sure that his hard shoveling is not over yet by a long shot!

Among the best of the remaining boys who wrote us about farms and gardens were Edward C. Ruger (12), Utica, Ill.; Earl G. Anderson (20), So. Deerfield, N. H.; Benjamin Hawthorne (13), Custer, Wash.; Arthur Christie (13), Trumbull, Conn.; Sam L. Davison (14), Ballard, Calif.; Harold O. Fowler (11), Farnhamville, Iowa; and Harold Boon (14), Blodworth, Saskatchewan. Those names aren't in alphabetical or any other kind of order; but who cares? This isn't a fire drill!

Harold Boon, we must add, made his fortune out of pigs and chickens. From a farmer who had more pigs than he could afford to feed Harold received a present of one in 1924. "This year," writes Harold, "my father had no other pigs, so this was the only pig there was. He grew to be a large pig and when ready to sell weighed 215 pounds and brought \$25. I gave my father \$12.50, which was half for feed which he furnished. I then bought four more with my \$12 and had fifty cents left over." That's only the beginning of this exciting serial and, if Harold keeps on buying more pigs at that rate, in five years he'll have—figure it out for yourself.

TRUTH is indeed stranger than fiction. What would many of you think if we told you that one of your money-making friends, right in the United States, makes some of his extra money hunting pearls? It is Byron Troyer (17), of La Fontaine, Ind. When Byron isn't opening mussel shells, he is turning an extra penny out of the stamp business, in which he is a dealer. About the pearls: "Mussels, or fresh-water clams," writes Byron, "have smooth shells from two to eight inches long. These shells are usually white and pearly in lustre, and all our pearl buttons are cut from them. The mussels are generally found nearly buried in the gravel bottom of rivers or lakes in water four to six inches to several feet deep. They are found by feeling along the bottom with hands and feet. In the shallower water a person can dig from two to three hundred pounds a day.

The mussel shell is first carefully opened. Then the pearls and slugs are looked for. They are found imbedded in the meat or fastened to the side of the shell. About one eighth of the shells, due to imperfections, must be thrown out. The good shells when sold average about \$42 a ton."

In addition to this, Byron, like Harold, ventured in pigs. "Sometime ago," he continues, "my brother and I bought a sow pig which we entered in the pig club. The next spring she raised seven pigs, of which we sold five for \$113.



John R. Little  
Pop vender

My father kept the other two to pay for her original cost and for the feed. We sold her for \$37." Compare this story to Harold Boon's. Incidentally, Byron also had a job as Scout Executive in Nature Study at a Scout camp. We wish that somehow these two interesting young men could meet.

Here we are near the end of our space, and we haven't said a word this week about any of the numerous boys who have done good work on newspaper delivery routes, or about the sensible fellows who have learned that taking subscriptions for The Youth's Companion can be a superlucrative occupation. See page 792. Among these boys is Ernest Rosentreter (12), Winter Haven, Fla., who keeps bees. "I don't mind a sting once in a while," remarks Ernest. One sting in a lifetime is enough for us, thank you.

We mustn't forget John R. Little (10) of Newport, Ky., whose roadside pop stand was a great success.

If we go on much further, we'll drop right off the bottom of the page. We have received some good letters about Christmas cards, hauling and draying work, dishwashing, trapping and even the management of a chemical company. Whole beves of girls have written us some extraordinarily interesting letters, as you will presently see. There's a challenge!

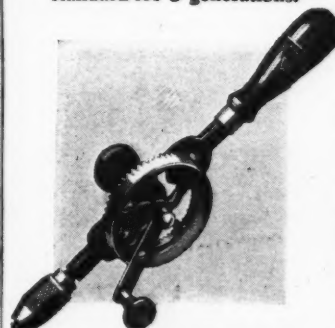
From now on, the boy or girl who sends in a letter without stating age is utterly and finally out of luck! And, when possible, don't forget to inclose that snapshot of yourself. For every letter from a young money-maker printed, quoted or mentioned here we pay cash. Address: Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.



## When Granddad was 15..

"GRANDDAD" was only a youngster himself when Millers Falls started making tools, right after the Civil War.

Millers Falls were pioneer tool makers. Many tools were invented and perfected at Millers Falls. The very useful hand drill is an example. No one thought of such a tool till Millers Falls brought it out—and Millers Falls No. 5, shown here, has been a standard for 3 generations.



A Millers Falls hand drill is a wonderful tool to own. So is a spiral ratchet screw driver, a ratchet brace and any number of Millers Falls carpenter's tools and other kinds shown in our complete small catalog. We'll gladly send you a copy if you will write to us mentioning Youth's Companion.

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY  
Millers Falls, Mass.

**MILLERS FALLS TOOLS**  
SINCE 1868

## 100 POWER WOLLENSAK MICROSCOPE

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Wolleksak Optical Company  
823 Hudson Ave.  
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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

## THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling the teacher, policeman or friends.

**THE VENTRILLO**  
a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Any one can use it. Never Fails. A 16 page course on Ventriloquism, the Ventrilo and 450 p. novelty catalog, ALL FOR 10c. **JOHNSON SMITH & CO.** Dep. 964, Racine, Wis.



**FACTORY-TO-RIDER** 1927 Models now ready. Remarkable new prices and terms. Shipped on approval and 30 days' Free Trial. Easy payments \$5 a month. Write today for big catalog and marvelous special offer.  
**MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. L-51 CHICAGO**

# First Prize—The Colonial Desk Electric Sewing Machine

## \$160.00 in Cash Prizes too

Are Given to Girls Who Entered Dresses They Made Themselves for the Senior Division of The Youth's Companion Fashion Fête



Inez P. Levengood—age 20—Columbus, Ohio. Wins \$20.00 for the best wool dress made with an original design



Mary Abbott—age 17—Oak Park, Ill. Wins \$20.00 for the best wool dress made with a pattern



Dorothy Mae Dickerman—age 18—Brandon, Vt. Wins \$20.00 for the best silk dress made with an original design



Hilda K. Limper—age 19—Louisville, Ky. Wins \$20.00 for the best silk dress made with a pattern

### SENIOR DIVISION—HONORABLE MENTION LIST

Age	
16	Betty Ahrens, Marshalltown, Iowa
18	Naomi W. Alexander, Lancaster, Pa.
16	Clara Land Anderson, Palatka, Florida
17	Phoebe J. Armstrong, Rochester, N. Y.
18	Gladys E. Baker, Iowa City, Iowa
18	Bessie Baskette, Murfreesboro, Tennessee
17	Sara W. Beatty, Edgewood, Pa.
18	Gladys Biehoff, Lovell, Wyoming
20	Betty Blagg, Grinnell, Iowa
18	Miriam D. Bloomer, Ithaca, N. Y.
16	Martha M. Bruns, Manitowoc, Wisconsin
20	Helen M. Bryant, Fairhaven, Mass.
18	Helen Campbell, Cleveland Heights, Ohio
16	Alice Caton, Chattanooga, Tenn.
16	Alice E. Clafin, Burlington, Vt.
16	Mary Margaret Clark, Harrisburg, Ill.
18	Glenys Cobeen, Manly, Iowa
21	Edith M. Cooley, Toledo, Ohio
17	Nell Cooley, Tallahassee, Florida
18	Claudia Crumpler, Lebanon, Missouri
16	Marjorie Cyr, Jeanerette, La.
17	Eleanor J. Danner, Seattle, Washington
17	Josephine Davis, Minneapolis, Minn.
21	Martha Dean, Cedarville, Ohio
19	Mildred Debord, Salem, Oregon
16	Elizabeth W. de Bullet, Catonsville, Md.
18	Lena DeGroot, Kanona, N. Y.
17	Erma Delozier, Brentwood Heights, Calif.
19	Margaret Devlin, Scammon, Kansas
19	Lorene Dickey, Cabool, Missouri
20	Martha Dickey, Beachton, Georgia
17	Ruth Douglass, St. Mary's, W. Va.
16	Alicia May Eames, Grand Junction, Col.
16	Nancy Elder, Stanton, Va.
18	Elizabeth A. Ferguson, Lincoln, Neb.
17	Dorothy Fulton, Eden, Idaho
17	Agnes Gasch, Hastings, Neb.
18	Katherine Gibson, Washington, D. C.
20	Shirley A. Graham, Saugus, Mass.
19	Blanche Grimsley, Nardin, Okla.
16	E. Mildred Haar, Abbottstown, Pa.
19	Helen H. Hahn, Akron, Ohio
21	Mrs. Helen Hammond, Anaheim, Calif.
17	Ruth Hanie, Gainesville, Ga.
20	Dorothea Harbison, Highlands, N. C.
18	Naomi Harlan, Marshall, Mo.

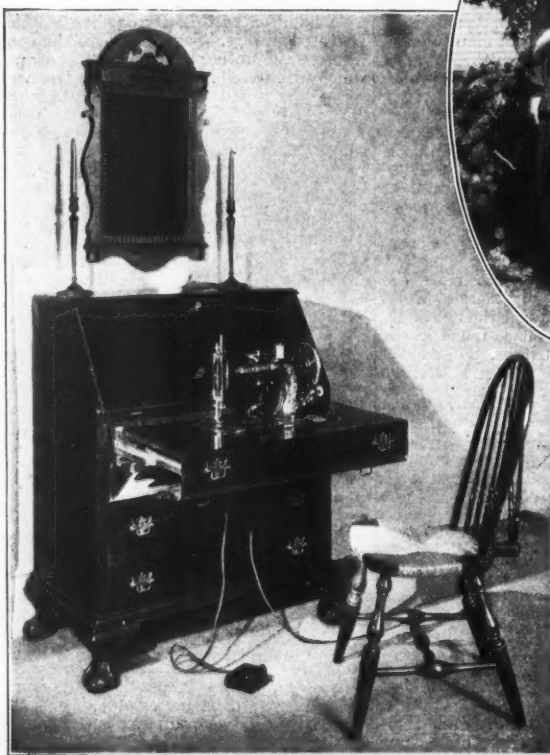
CAN you picture our poor Judges—all of them busy and important people—when they first were faced with the fact that hundreds and hundreds of snapshots and descriptions of lovely dresses had arrived for them to choose winners from? I can tell you how they looked and felt, because I had to introduce them to your snapshots and description blanks, which were piled by classes and divisions on a table almost as long as The Youth's Companion office. They looked dazed, but courageous, and didn't waste a moment on starting the long task of studying every entry. Then they gradually and reluctantly eliminated all but the very best and most outstanding 250 dresses, which they asked me to send for so that these would be at their final meeting.

THEN for a week it was like Christmas or a wedding—the office was completely snowed in with parcel-post packages, string, ribbon, packing boxes, tissue paper, brown wrapping paper—one dress came wrapped in a huge circus flier, many arrived with special-delivery stamps, and several by air mail, up to the very hour of the Judges' last meeting. As each dress came in it was carefully unpacked and its wrinkles pressed out by an expert, so that it would be in the pink of perfection for the Judges and the exhibition. Organdies and taffetas, velvets, flannels, voiles and ginghams, silk crêpes and chiffons in every delicious color you ever saw—it was beyond all description and far beyond any mere Paris openings!

AS you know from the Fashion Fête rules, the Judges did not count construction when they met to pick the winners, because that would not have been fair to all those dresses they could not ask to see. They judged very severely for suitability of the style, color and material to the individual type of girl, for the neatness of her diagrams, snapshots and description, and for the price, to be sure that it showed the greatest return for the money spent. Many of the prettiest dresses had to fail because they did not come up to the standard in all these points. The Judges had reserved the right to withhold a prize if no dress was found in a class to deserve it, and this explains why you find no picture of a prize winner for a Senior dress in class II-B; woollens made as copies. A prize to a Senior cotton made by original design was awarded after a deciding vote was cast to break a tie among the Judges; and a picture of the winner will appear in a later Companion. The winners are to be congratulated for winning far more than the actual prizes. They won in the largest and best competition that The Youth's Companion has ever held for girls.



Sarah Elizabeth Park, age 17, of Wooster, Ohio, has won the beautiful Senior Prize—an electric New Home Sewing Machine in a colonial mahogany desk. Sarah's dress is made of navy blue crêpe de chine, for which she spent \$4.50 for 3½ yards 36" wide; and she trimmed it with a gray silk tie for \$.98 and a pearl buckle for \$.25, making a total of \$5.73



Hazel Gray

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

Gertrude Harrison, St. Louis, Mo.	16	Grace B. Lee, St. Paul, Minn.	20
Edythe Hawkey, Greenville, Ohio	17	Mildred Letts, Kanawha City, W. Va.	18
Ellen Hixon, Chicago Heights, Ill.	18	Blanche Line, French Lick, Ind.	21
Florence L. Hoerner, Lewisburg, Ohio	16	Elizabeth Lyman, Lincoln, Neb.	20
Frances Holdren, Westerville, Ohio	17	Mary Matlack, Grinnell, Iowa	20
Gladys Hortenstine, Brookfield, Mo.	16	Lillian I. McChesney, Pulaski, N. Y.	17
Helen Hovren, White Rock, S.D.	17	Lucille McDonald, Frazeeburg, Ohio	20
Gladys J. Ingold, Minneapolis, Minn.	19	Barbara G. Merritt, Dunkirk, N. Y.	19
Dorothy R. Johnson, Cassville, Mo.	16	Marjorie D. Mitchell, Eau Claire, Wis.	16
Margaret Jones, Sunny Hill, Ill.	18	Evangeline R. Mortenson, Wheaton, Ill.	21
Nellie J. Keessen, Armbrur, S.D.	16	Mary Evelyn Naylor, Greenfield, Ohio	17
Jocelyn Kelley, Riverside, Calif.	16	Ellen Jean Parsons, Swissvale, Pa.	16



Ann Brinkman—age 16—Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio. Wins \$20.00 for the best cotton dress made with a pattern



Right, above: Evelyn Sheldon—age 21—Oklahoma City, Okla. Wins \$20.00 for the best silk dress made as a copy



Right: Marcia Hoyle—age 21—Wellesley, Mass. Wins \$20.00 for the best cotton dress made as a copy

### Fashion Fête—Senior Division

#### DISTRIBUTION OF ENTRANTS ACCORDING TO STATES AND AGES

Alabama	5	Nebraska	25
Arizona	4	New Hampshire	2
Arkansas	5	New Jersey	19
California	36	New Mexico	1
Colorado	12	New York	47
Connecticut	18	North Carolina	11
District of Columbia	2	North Dakota	5
Florida	12	Ohio	54
Georgia	6	Oklahoma	10
Idaho	11	Oregon	17
Illinois	39	Pennsylvania	51
Indiana	16	Rhode Island	5
Iowa	40	South Carolina	5
Kansas	43	South Dakota	15
Kentucky	7	Tennessee	9
Louisiana	4	Texas	24
Maine	11	Utah	1
Maryland	5	Vermont	11
Massachusetts	31	Virginia	17
Michigan	24	Washington	12
Minnesota	26	West Virginia	6
Mississippi	8	Wisconsin	20
Missouri	19	Wyoming	3
Montana	6	Canada	5
Total			765

Every state but Delaware and Nevada represented	
Age 16	270
Age 17	168
Age 18	136
Age 19	43
Age 20	64
Age 21	43
Total	765

Blanche Perkins, Brownfield, Texas	16
Florence M. Phipps, Renick, Iowa	16
Grace Powell, Salina, Kansas	20
Elizabeth Princehorn, Mansfield, Ohio	17
Elizabeth Purdum, Hyattsville, Md.	21
Dorothy Jean Ralston, Holton, Kansas	17
Carroll D. Robinson, Trent, So. Dakota	16
Elizabeth Rogers, Portland, Oregon	17
Thelma Romereim, Beresford, S. D.	19
Florence M. Roy, Galesburg, Ill.	18
Candace Rumbaugh, Parkdale, Oregon	17
Della Schafer, Hector, Minn.	19
Joy Schlichtig, Spokane, Wash.	16
Virginia Sowers, Greencastle, Ind.	20
Emilie N. Skirven, Chestertown, Md.	18
Margaret Sprow, Bryan, Ohio	18
Eva A. Stewart, Balmorhea, Texas	18
Ruby Strickler, Grand Ledge, Mich.	17
Madeline Switzer, Los Angeles, Calif.	20
Solveig Thorpe, Minneapolis, Minn.	17
Stella Tombaugh, Streator, Ill.	21
Virginia Trevey, Fruitland, Idaho	17
Kathryn Troll, St. Clairsville, Ohio	21
Virginia Van De Venter, Delta, Colorado	17
Isabella Watters, East Orange, N. J.	16
Elizabeth W. Williamson, Schenectady, N. Y.	16
Jeanette L. Wood, Springfield, Mass.	16
Ruth Wood, Aspinwall, Pa.	17
Frances World, Arbuckle, Calif.	20
Leola Worley, Chandler, Arizona	21
Betty Marie Wright, Husum, Wash.	16
Louise Wright, Seneca, S. C.	19





# The CHILDREN'S PAGE

## CAROLINE'S HALLOWEEN

By Russell Gordon Carter



There stood a small person in a coat that came to her ankles and great big unlaced shoes

FOR weeks and weeks, Caroline Sherwood had been looking forward to dressing up on Halloween. Now she wanted to do it all the more because she couldn't! A bad cold had kept her away from school for three whole days, and still it wasn't quite well enough so that the doctor would let her go out. And here was Halloween.

Caroline lay in bed thinking. She could hear music coming from Ruthie Vaughn's house two doors away. All the other children were there having a Halloween party. It made her feel the least little bit like crying, for she had wanted so much to go to it wearing a false face with a long, long nose.

"It would have been *such* fun," she said to herself, "just to make them try to guess who I was."

She sighed and closed her eyes

to go to sleep. She could still hear the music. She could hear her mother's rocking-chair downstairs. A broad shaft of moonlight shone in through one of her windows, and by its pale light she could see, hanging on her bedpost, the false face, with the long, long nose. She longed to try it on. Well, why shouldn't she? Sitting up in bed, she reached for it. Just then the doorbell rang.

"Why, it must be Grandmother and Grandfather Sherwood!" Caroline exclaimed to herself. Then, in the midst of the conversation downstairs the telephone rang and she heard her mother say, "Yes, Mrs. Shaw, a small package was left here for you. I'll come right over with it."

Presently, Caroline heard the door close behind her mother. She sat up in bed and held the false face in her hands. Wouldn't it be fun to put it on and then go downstairs and greet her grandparents. "But, oh," she thought, "Mother wouldn't like that." However, she put the face on. She wondered how it looked. There was a long mirror in Mother's room, and, climbing out of bed, she started to go in there to look. But outside the hall closet she stumbled. Something was on the floor outside the closet door—a pair of her father's old shoes. A thought came to her, and, opening the door of the closet, she took down an old coat that her father wore for rough work. She put that on. Then she slipped her feet into the big shoes. She thought of how funny she must look!

Downstairs in the living-room Grandmother and Grandfather suddenly straightened in their chairs and



The false face had a long, long nose

anything! Up the stairs he went on tiptoes. Grandmother followed him bravely.

In the hallway at the head of the stairs both of them stopped short. A light shone through the open door of Mother's room. Below a tall Japanese screen they could see a pair of heavy shoes, and on the wall beyond, where the long mirror was hanging, they saw the strange shadow of *some one* with a long, long nose.

"Gracious!" murmured Grandmother, holding tight to Grandfather's arm.

At that moment the figure began to move—out from behind the screen.

"Well, I declare," cried Grandmother.

There stood a small person in a long coat that came to her ankles, in great big unlaced shoes, and with the most ridiculous of faces. Then a small hand came out and took off the mask.

"Caroline Sherwood! What in the world—how you scared us! We thought it was a spook."

In a moment Caroline was out of the shoes and out of the long coat.

"I didn't mean to frighten you really. I didn't hear you coming upstairs, but you see I couldn't go to Ruthie's party because I've had a cold, and so—so—"

"So you thought you'd have a Halloween party all by yourself," added Grandfather, laughing.

looked at each other with wide eyes.

"What's that noise upstairs?" said Grandmother in a whisper. "Some one is in this house."

"Can't be," replied Grandfather. "Grace is out—so's Tom. Caroline is in bed."

Clump, clump, clump! Grandfather started to his feet.

Clumpety, clumpety, CLUMP!

Grandfather crossed to the fireplace and picked up the poker.

"Please don't you go up," pleaded Grandmother.

But Grandfather had fought in the Civil War, and he wasn't afraid of



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## FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES



Illustrated by Mary Eames

Caroline could see by the moonlight her false face hanging on the bedpost



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